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*Bought with the income of  
the Scholfield bequests.*









THE  
TEMPEST,

OR, THE  
Enchanted Island.

A  
COMEDY.

As it is now Acted

By His

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

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LONDON,

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# P R E F A C E

TO THE

## Enchanted Island.

**T**HE writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the French Eloquence, which uses to make a business of a Letter of Gallantry, an examen of a Farce; and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this Argument, lest I run myself beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespear's: a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play it self had formerly been acted with success in the Black-Fryers: and our Excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his Sea-Voyage, may easily discern that it was a Copy of Shakespear's Tempest: the Storm, the Desert Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient Testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only Poet who made use of Shakespear's Plot: Sir John Suckling, a profess'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footsteps in his Goblins; his Regmella being an open imitation of Shakespear's Miranda; and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from Ariel. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespear, of which neither Fletcher nor

## The PREFACE.

Suckling had ever thought : and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter part to Shakespear's Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman ; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done, without the help or correction of so judicious a Friend. The Comical part of the Saylor's were also of his invention and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him : I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising : and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other ; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other Man. His Corrections were sober and judicious : and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another Man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due, in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his name with silence in the Publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the Action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfi'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour, in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the Merit and Name of Shakespear and Sir William Davenant.

Decemb. 1.  
1669.

John Dryden.

# PROLOGUE to the *TEMPEST*, Or, the *Enchanted Island*.

**A**S when a Tree's cut down, the secret Root  
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot :  
So, from old Shakespear's honour'd dust, this day  
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.  
Shakespear, who (taught by none) did first impart  
To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.  
He, Monarch-like, gave those his Subjects Law,  
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.  
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow;  
Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below.  
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest :  
One imitates him most, the other best.  
If they have since out-writ all other Men,  
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespear's Pen.  
The Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring shore,  
Was taught by Shakespear's *Tempest* first to roar.  
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile  
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.  
But Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,  
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.  
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now  
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,  
Which work by Magick supernatural things :  
But Shakespear's Pow'r is Sacred as a King's.  
Those Legends from old Priesthood were receiv'd,  
And he then writ, as People then believ'd.  
But, if for Shakespear we your grace implore,  
We for our Theatre shall want it more :  
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t' employ  
One of our Women to present a Boy.  
And that's a transformation, you will say,  
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.  
Let none expect in the last Act to find,  
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.  
What e'r she was before the Play began,  
All you shall see of her is perfect Man.  
Or if your fancy will be farther led  
To find her Woman, it must be a-bed.

# Dramatis Personæ:

**A** Lonzo Duke of *Savoy*, and Usurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

*Ferdinand* his Son.

*Prospero* right Duke of *Millain*.

*Antonio* his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

*Gonzalo*, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.

*Hippolito*, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

*Stephano* Master of the Ship.

*Mustacho* his Mate.

*Trincalo* Boatswain.

*Ventoso* a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

*Miranda* and }  
*Dorinda* } (Daughters to *Prospero*) that never saw Man.

*Ariel* an aiery Spirit, attendant on *Prospero*.

Several Spirits, Guards to *Prospero*.

*Calibon*

*Sycorax* his Sister } Two Monsters of the Isle.

THE

# Enchanted Island.

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*The Front of the Stage is open'd; and the Band of 24 Violins, with the Harpsicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, join'd to the great Pilasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispiece is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautifi'd with Roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of England. In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the King's Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous See in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the Sailers, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.*

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## ACT I.

*Enter Mustacho and Ventoso.*

*Vent.* **W**Hat a Sea comes in?

*Must.* A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather.

*Enter Trincalo.*

*Trinc.* The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

*Enter Stephano.*

*Steph.* Bosen!

*Trinc.* Here, Master, what say you?

*Steph.* Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

*Must.* Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devil's Head off.

*Steph.* Boy! Boy!

*[Enter Cabin Boy.]*

*Boy.* Yaw, yaw, here, Master.

*Steph.*

*Steph.* Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle. [Exeunt *Septhano and Boy.*

*Enter Mariners, and pass over the Stage*

*Trinc.* Bring the Cable to the Capstern.

*Enter Alonso, Antonio, Gonzalo.*

*Alon.* Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master? Play the Men.

*Trinc.* Pray keep below

*Anto.* Where's the Master, Bosen?

*Trinc.* Do not you hear him? you hinder us: keep your Cabins, you help the storm.

*Gonz.* Nay, good Friend be patient.

*Trinc.* I, when the Sea is: hence; what care these Roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

*Gonz.* Good Friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Trinc.* None that I love more than my self: you are a Counsellor, if you can advise these Elements to silence, use your wisdom: if you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our ways, Sirs. [Exeunt *Trincalo and Mariners.*

*Gonz.* I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; Make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we shall be drown'd. [Exit.

*Enter Trincalo and Stephano.*

*Trinc.* Up aloft, Lads. Come reef both Topfalls.

*Steph.* Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [Ex. *Steph.*

*Enter two Mariners, and pass over the Stage.*

*Trinc.* Hands down! man your Main-Capstern.

*Enter Mustacho and Ventofo at the other door.*

*Must.* Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capstern.

*Vent.* My Lads, my Hearts of gold, get in your Capstern-Bar: Ho! up, ho! up, &c. [Exeunt *Mustacho and Ventofo.*

*Enter Stephano*

*Steph.* Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there; Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers. [Ex. *Steph.*

*Enter two Mariners, and pass over again*

*Trinc.* Turn out, turn out, all hands to Capstern.

You dogs, is this a time to sleep? lubbard.

Heave together, Lads. [Trincalo whistles,

[Exeunt *Mustacho and Ventofo.*

*Must. within.* Our Vial's broke.

*Vent. within.* 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fix't again. Heave together, Bullyes.

*Enter Stephano.*

*Steph.* Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks! Come, my Lads: Come, Bullyes, cheer up! heave lustily.

The Anchor's a peek.

*Trinc.* Is the Anchor a Peek?

*Steph.* Is a weigh! Is a weigh!

*Trinc.*

*Trinc.* Up aloft my Lads, upon the fore-castle!  
Cut the Anchor, cut him.

*All within.* Haul Catt, Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul:  
Haul Catt, haul. Below.

*Steph.* Aft, aft, and loose the Misen!

*Trinc.* Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul aft Misen-sheet;

*Enter Mustacho.*

*Must.* Loose the Main-top-sail!

*Steph.* Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

*Trinc.* Loose Fore-sail! Haul aft both sheets! trim her right afore the  
Wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen.

*Must.* A Mackrel-gale, Master.

*Steph. within.* Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack  
aboard Port is. Star-board, star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her  
thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the Sails are loose.

*Enter Ventoso.*

*Vent.* Some hands down: the Guns are loose.

[*Ex. Must.*

*Trinc.* Try the Pump, try the Pump.

[*Ex. Vent.*

*Enter Mustacho at the other door.*

*Must.* O Master! six foot water in Hold.

*Steph.* Clap the Helm hard a weather! Flat, flat, flat, in the Fore-sheet there.

*Trinc.* Over haul your fore-boling.

*Steph.* Brace in the Lar-board.

[*Exit.*

*Trinc.* A Curse upon this houling.

[*A great Cry within.*

They are louder than the Weather.

[*Enter Antonio and Gonzalo.*

Yet again, what do you here? shall we give o'r, and drown? ha' you a mind  
to sink?

*Gonz.* A Pox o' your Throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

*Trinc.* Work you then and be Pox't.

*Anto.* Hang, Cur, hang, you Whorson insolent Noise-maker, we are less  
afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

*Trinc.* Ease the Fore-brace a little.

[*Exit.*

*Gonz.* I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger  
than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd Wench.

*Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* For my self I care not, but your loss brings a Thousand Deaths to me.

*Alonz.* O name not me, I am grown Old, my Son; I am tedious to the  
World, and that, by use, is so to me: But, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my Subjects  
loss in thee: Alas, I suffer justly for my Crimes, but why thou shouldst — O  
Heaven!

[*A Cry within.*

Heark, Farewel, my Son, a long farewel!

*Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.*

*Trinc.* What must our Mouths be cold then?

*Vent.* All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.

*Gonz.* The Duke and Princee are gone within to prayers.

Let's assist them.

*Must.* Nay, we may e'en pray too; our case is now alike.

## The TEMPEST, Or,

*Ant.* Mercy upon us, we split.

*Gonz.* Let's all sink with the Duke and the Young Prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Stephano, and Trincalo.*

*Trinc.* The Ship is sinking.

[*A new Cry within.*]

*Steph.* Run her ashore!

*Trinc.* Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Star-board-Bow.

*Steph.* She strikes, she strikes! All shift for them themselves. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*In the midst of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vanish; and when the Lights return discover that Beautiful part of the Island, which was the Habitation of Prospero; 'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypress-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which Prospero keeps his Daughters, in the other Hippolito; The Middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Island.*

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Prosp.* *Miranda*, where's your Sister?

*Miran.* I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the Walk's end, on the huge Beat of Waters.

*Prosp.* It is a dreadful Object.

*Mir.* If by your Art, my dearest Father, you have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.

*Prosp.* I have so ordered, that not one Creature in the Ship is lost: I have done nothing but in care of thee, My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister: You both are ignorant of what you are. Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more. Then *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell, And thy unhappy Father.

*Mir.* I ne'r endeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

*Prosp.* I should inform thee farther.

*Mir.* You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am, but then you stopt.

*Prosp.* The Hour's now come; Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember a time before we came into this Cell? I don't think thou canst, for then thou wert not full three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly I can, Sir.

*Prosp.* Tell me the Image then of any thing which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.

*Mir.* Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

*Prosp.* Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: what see'st thou else in the dark back-ward, and abyss of Time?

If thou remember'st ought e'r thou cam'st here, then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

*Mir.*



*Mir.* Sir, that I do not.

*Prosp.* Fifteen years since, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Milan*, and a Prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my Father?

*Prosp.* Thy Mother was all Vertue, and she said, thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

*Mir.* O Heavens! what foul Play had we, that we hither came, or was't a Blessing that we did?

*Prosp.* Both, both my Girl.

*Mir.* But, Sir, I pray proceed.

*Mir.* My Brother, and thy Uncle, Call'd *Antonio*, to whom I trusted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle, having attain'd the craft of granting suits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-topping; soon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and suck'd my verdure out: thou attend'st not.

*Mir.* O good, Sir, I do.

*Prosp.* I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to closeness, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature: He did believe he was indeed the Duke, because he then did execute the outward Face of Sovereignty. Dost thou still mark me?

*Mir.* Your Story would cure Deafness.

*Prosp.* This false Duke needs would be absolute in *Milan*, and Confederates with *Savoy's* Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him Homage.

*Mir.* False Man!

*Prosp.* This of *Savoy*, being an Enemy to me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's Suit, and on a Night, Mated to his Design, *Antonio* opened the Gates of *Milan*, and i' th' dead of darkness, hurri'd me thence, with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

*Mir.* But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

*Prosp.* They durst not, Girl, in *Milan*, for the Love my people bore me; in short, they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Nissa's* Port: bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten carcass of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats instinctively had quit it.

*Mir.* Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

*Prosp.* Thou and thy Sister were two Cherubins, which did preserve me: you both did smile, infus'd with Fortitude from Heaven.

*Mir.* How came we ashore?

*Prosp.* By Providence Divine. Some food we had and some fresh Water, which a Nobleman of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Master of that black design, gave us; with rich Garments and all necessaries, which since have steaded much: and of his Gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnish'd me from my own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

*Mir.* Would I might see that Man.

*Prosp.* Here, in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my Skill I find, that my Mid-Heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose Influence if I not court, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after

droop : here cease more Questions, thou art inclin'd to sleep : 'tis a good dullness, and give it way ; I know thou canst not chuse. [She falls asleep.]

Come away, my Spirit : I am ready now, approach,  
my *Ariel*, Come.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ariel.* All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best pleasure, be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the Fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds ; to thy strong bidding task *Ariel* and all his Qualities.

*Prosp.* Hast thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee ?

*Ariel.* To every Article. I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin ; I flam'd amazement and sometimes I seem'd to burn in many places on the Top-mast the Yards, and Bore-sprit ; I did flame distinctly. Nay once I rain'd a shower of Fire upon them.

*Prosp.* My brave Spirit !

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason ?

*Ariel.* Not a Soul but felt a Feaver of the Mind, and play'd some tricks of Desperation ; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Vessel ; the Duke's Son *Ferdinand*, with Hair upstaring (more like Reeds than Hair) was the first man that leap'd, cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

*Prosp.* Why that's my Spirit ;  
But was not this nigh Shore ?

*Ariel.* Close by, my Master.

*Prosp.* But, *Ariel*, are they safe ?

*Ariel.* Not a Hair perish'd.

In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.

The Duke's Son I have landed by himself, whom I have left warming the Air with sighs, in an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting, his Arms he folded in this sad Knot.

*Prosp.* Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the the rest of the Fleet ?

*Ariel.* Safely in harbour

is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou call'd'st

Me up at Mid-night to fetch Dew from the

Still vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid,

The Mariners all under Hatches stow'd,

Whom with a Charm, join'd to their suffer'd Labour,

I have left asleep ; and for the rest o' th' Fleet,

(Which I disperst) they all have met again,

And are upon the *Mediterranean*-Float.

Bound sadly home for *Italy* ;

Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrack'd,

And his great Person perish.

*Prosp.* *Ariel*, thy Charge

Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more Work :

What is the time o' th' day ?

*Ariel.* Past the Mid-season.

*Prosp.* At least two Glasses : the time 'tween six and now must by us both  
be spent most preciously

*Ariel.*

*Ariel.* Is there more Toyl? since thou dost give me Pains, let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

*Prosp.* How now, *Moodie*?  
What is't thou can'st demand?

*Ariel.* My Liberty.

*Prosp.* Before thy time be out? no more.

*Ariel.* I prethee!

Remember I have done thee faithful Service,  
Told thee no Lies, made thee no Mistakings,  
Serv'd without Grudge, or Grumbling,  
Thou didst promise to bate me a full Year.

*Prosp.* Dost thou forget  
From what a Torment I did free thee?

*Ariel.* No.

*Prosp.* Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ooze of the salt Deep,  
to run against the sharp Wind of the North, to do my Bus'ness in the Veins  
of the Earth, when it is bak'd with Frost.

*Ariel.* I do not, Sir.

*Prosp.* Thouly'st, Malignant thing! hast thou forgot the foul Witch *Sycorax*,  
who with Age and Envy was grown into a Hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ariel.* No, Sir.

*Prosp.* Thou hast, where was she born? speak, tell me.

*Ariel.* Sir, in *Argier*.

*Prosp.* Oh, was she so!

I must once every Month recount what thou hast been, which thou forget'st.  
This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*, for Mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible  
to enter humane hearing, from *Argier* thou know'st was banish'd: but  
for one thing she did, they would not take her Life: is not this true?

*Ariel.* I, Sir.

*Prosp.* This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,  
And here was left by th' Sailers, thou, my Slave,  
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant,  
And 'cause thou wast a Spirit too delicate  
To act her Earthy and and abhor'd Commands;  
Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent Ministers;  
(In her unmitigable rage) 'into a cloven Pine,  
Within whose rift imprison'd thou didst painfully  
Remain a dozen Years; within which space she dy'd,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent  
Thy Groans, as fast as Mill-Wheels strike.  
Then was this Isle (save for two Brats,  
Which she did litter here, the brutish *Caliban*,  
And his Twin-Sister, two freckled hag-born Whelps)  
Not honour'd with a humane Shape.

*Ariel.* Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Sister.

*Prosp.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that *Caliban*, and she that *Sycorax*, whom

I now keep in Service. Thou best know'st what torment I did find thee in; thy Groans did make Wolves houl, and penetrate the breasts of ever angry Bears, it was a Torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne'r again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape and let thee out

*Ariel.* I thank thee, Master.

*Prosp.* If thou more murmurest, I will rend an Oak, And Peg thee in his knotty Entrails, till thou Hast houl'd away twelve Winters more.

*Ariel.* Pardon, Master.

I will be correspondent to command, and be A gentle Spirit.

*Prosp.* Do so, and after two day's I'll discharge thee.

*Ariel.* Thanks, my great Master. But I have yet one request.

*Prosp.* What's that, my Spirit?

*Ariel.* I know that this day's business is important, requiring too much Toyl for one alone. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love, who twice seven Years has waited for my Freedom: Let it appear, it will assist me much, and we with mutual Joy shall entertain each other. This I beseech you grant me.

*Prosp.* You shall have your desire.

*Ariel.* That's my noble Master. *Milcha!* [*Milcha flies down to his Assistance.*]

*Milc.* I am here my Love.

*Ariel.* Thou art free! welcome, my Dear! what shall we do? say, say, what shall we do?

*Prosp.* Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible to every Eye-ball else. Hence with Diligence, anon thou shalt know more. [*They both fly up, and cross in the Air.*]  
Thou hast slept well my Child. [*To Miranda.*]

*Mir.* The Sadness of your Story put heaviness in me.

*Prosp.* Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*, my Slave, who never yields us a kind Answer.

*Mir.* 'Tis a Creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

*Prosp.* But as 'tis we cannot miss him; he does make our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and serve in Offices that profit us: what hoa! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou, speak.

*Calib. within.* There's Wood enough within.

*Prosp.* Thou Poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself upon thy wicked Dam, come forth. [*Enter Caliban.*]

*Calib.* As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd with Raven's Feather from unwholesome Fens, drop on you both: A South-west blow on you, and blister you all o'er.

*Prosp.* For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have Cramps, Side-stitches, that shall pen they Breath up; Urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed'st, thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-Combs each Pinch more stinging than the Bees which made 'em.

*Calib.* I must eat my Dinner: this Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st first, thou stroak'st me, and pass'd much of me, would'st give me Water with Berries in't, and taught'st me

me how to name the Bigger Light, and how the Less, that burn by Day and Night; and then I lov'd thee, and shewed thee all the qualities of the Isle, the Fresh-springs, Brine-pits, Barren Places and Fertile. Curs'd be I that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles thou does keep from me the rest o' th' Island.

*Prosp.* Thou most lying Slave, whom Stripes may move, not Kindness: I have us'd thee (Filth that thou art) with humane Care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to violate the Honour of my Children.

*Calib.* Oh ho, Oh ho, would't had been done: thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else this Isle with *Calibans*.

*Prosp.* Abhor'd Slave!

Who ne'er would any print of goodness take, being capable of all Ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour one or other thing when thou didst not (Savage) know they own meaning, but wouldst gabble, like a thing most Brutish I endow'd thy Purposes with Words, which made them known: But thy wild Race (though thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore was thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

*Calib.* You taught me Language, and my Profit by it is, that I know to curse: the red botch rid you for learning me your Language.

*Prosp.* Hag-seed hence!

Fetch us in fewel, and be quick

To answer other business: shrug'st thou (Malice)

If thou neglectest, or dost unwillingly what I command,

I'll wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with Aches,

Make the roar, that Beasts shall tremble at thy Dinn.

*Calib.* No, prethee!

I must obey. His Art is of such power

It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,

And make a Vassal of him.

*Prosp.* So, Slave hence.

[*Exeunt* *Prosp* and *Calib.* severally.]

*Enter* *Dorinda*.

*Dor.* Oh, Sister! what have I beheld?

*Mir.* What is it moves you so?

*Dor.* From yonder Rock,

As I my Eyes cast down upon the Seas,

The whistling Winds blew rudely on my Face,

And the Waves roar'd; at first I thought the War

Had been between themselves, but strait I spy'd

A huge great Creature.

*Mir.* O you mean the Ship.

*Dor.* Is't not a Creature then? it seem'd alive.

*Mir.* But what of it?

*Dor.* This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,  
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind;  
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,

And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;  
 He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows,  
 And then again he curst'd down so low,  
 I could not see him; till at last, all side-long,  
 With a great Crack his Belly burst in pieces.

*Mir.* There all had perish'd,  
 Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.  
 But, Sister, I have stranger News to tell you;  
 In this great Creature there were other Creatures,  
 And shortly we may chance to see that thing,  
 Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

*Dor.* But what is that? for yet he never told me.

*Mir.* I know no more than you: but I have heard  
 My Father say, we Women were made for him.

*Dor.* What, that he should eat us, Sister?

*Mir.* No sure, you see my Father is a Man,  
 And yet he does us good. I would he were not old.

*Dor.* Methinks, indeed, it would be finer,  
 If we two had two young Fathers.

*Mir.* No, Sister, no, if they were young,  
 My Father said, that we must call them Brothers.

*Dor.* But, pray, how does it come, that we two are not Brothers then, and  
 have not Beards like him?

*Mir.* Now I confess you pose me.

*Dor.* How did he come to be our Father too?

*Mir.* I think he found us when we both were little,  
 And grew within the Ground.

*Dor.* Why could he not find more of us? Pray, Sister, let you and I look  
 up and down one day, to find some little ones for us to play with.

*Mir.* Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour  
 Wherein my Father's Charm will work,  
 Which seizes all who are in open air:  
 Th' effect of his great Art I long to see,  
 Which will perform as much as Magick can.

*Dor.* And I, methinks more long to see a Man.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Scene Changes to the wilder part of the Island; 'tis compos'd of divers sorts  
 of Trees, and barren Places, with a prospect of the Sea at a great distance.*

*Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventoso.*

*Vent.* **T**HE Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us  
 out of pure pity.

*Must.* This kind Bottle, like an old Acquaintance, swam after it.  
 And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

*Vent.*

# The Enchanted Island.

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*Vent.* 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.  
I prethee fill a foop, and let it go round.  
Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

*Must.* I' th' hollow of an old Tree.

*Vent.* Fill apace.

We cannot live long in this barren Island, and we may  
Take a foop before Death, as well as others drink  
At our Funerals.

*Must.* This is Prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it cost nothing, Let's  
have two rounds more.

*Vent.* Master, what have you fav'd?

*Steph.* Just nothing but my self.

*Vent.* This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

*Steph.* Fill's another round.

*Vent.* Look! *Mustacho* weeps. Hang losses, as long as we have Brandy  
left. Prithee leave weeping.

*Steph.* He sheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: he shall drink no more.

*Must.* This will be a doleful day with old *Bess*. She gave me a gilt Nut-  
meg at parting. That's lost too. But, as you say, hang losses. Prethee fill again.

*Vent.* Beshrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife.

I had not thought of mine else, Nature will shew it self,  
I must melt. I prithee fill again, my Wife's a good old Jade,  
And has but one Eye left: but she'll weep out that too,  
When she hears that I am dead.

*Steph.* Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine.

*Vent.* But come, Master, sorrow is dry! there's for you agen.

*Steph.* A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the comfort  
we get ashore: O for an old dry Wench now I am wet.

*Must.* Poor heart! that would soon make you dry agen: but all is barren  
in this Isle: Here we may lie at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South  
ere we can cry, A Sail, a Sail, at sight of a white Apron. And therefore  
here's another to comfort us.

*Vent.* This Isle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince,  
and all their train, are perished.

*Must.* Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home agen: we must e'en  
turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

*Vent.* No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly,  
Heav'n will drive Shipwracks ashoar to make us all rich; therefore let us car-  
ry good Consciences, and not eat one another.

*Steph.* Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my  
Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you *Mustacho*  
have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

*Vent.* When you are Duke, you may chuse your Vice-Roy; but I am a free  
Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And  
so fill me th' other foop.

*Steph.* *Whispering.* *Ventoso*, dost thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee  
give me thy voice.

## The TEMPEST, Or,

*Vent.* I'll have no whispering to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or, I'll keep my voice for my self.

*Must.* *Stephano*, hear me, I will speak for the people, because there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian blood, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak, good people, are you well agreed? What, no Man answer? well, you may take their silence for consent.

*Vent.* You speak for the People, *Mustacho*? I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all; That there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

*Must.* You declare for the people, who never saw your Face! Cold Iron shall decide it. [Both draw.]

*Steph.* Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

*Both.* Agreed! agreed!

*Enter Trincalo, with a great Bottle, half drunk.*

*Vent.* How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

*Must.* He reels: can he be drunk with Sea water?

*Trinc. sings.* I shall no more to Sea to Sea,  
Here I shall die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a Man's Funeral.  
But here's my comfort.

*Sings.* The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,  
The Surgeon and his Mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Wou'd cry to a Sailor, Go hang?  
She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,  
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

This is a scurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort agen.

*Steph.* We have got another Subject now; Welcome,  
Welcome into our Dominions!

*Trinc.* What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack,  
Boy: the King of good-fellows can be no subject.  
I will be old *Simon* the King.

*Must.* Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

*Trinc.* Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors  
Threw over-board: but are you alive, ho! for I will  
Tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: thy hand, *Mustacho*,  
And thine, *Ventoso*; the Storm has done its worst:  
*Stephano* alive too! give thy Bosen thy hand, Master.

*Vent.* You must kiss it then, for, I must tell you, we have chosen him Duke  
in a full Assembly.

*Trinc.* A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

[Drinks.]

[Drinks.]



*Must.* Of this Island, Man. Oh *Trincalo*, we are all made, the Island's empty; all's our own, Boy, and we will speak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'st be as great as we are.

*Trinc.* You great? what the Devil are you?

*Vent.* We two are Vice-Roys over all the Island; and when we are weary of Governing, thou shalt succeed us.

*Trinc.* Do you hear, *Ventoso*, I will succeed you in both your places before you enter into 'em

*Steph.* *Trincalo*, sleep and be sober; and make no more uproars in my Country.

*Trinc.* Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

*Steph.* What I am, I am by free Election, and you *Trincalo*, are not your self; but we pardon your first fault, because it is the first day of our Reign.

*Trinc.* Umph, were matters carried so swimmingly against me, whilst I was swimming, and saving my self for the good of the people of this Island.

*Must.* Art thou mad, *Trincalo*? wilt thou disturb a settled Government, where thou art a meer stranger to the Laws of the Country?

*Trinc.* I'll have no Laws.

*Vent.* Then Civil War begins.

[*Vent. and Must. draw.*]

*Steph.* Hold, hold, I'll have no bloodshed,

My Subjects are but few: let him make a Rebellion

By himself; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him:

Vice-Roys, come away.

*Trinc.* And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War where ever he meets thee, or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Exeunt Steph. Must. Vent.*]

*Enter Caliban with wood upon his back.*

*Trinc.* Hah! who have we here?

*Calib.* All the infections that the Sun sucks up from Frogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall and make him by inch-meal a Disease: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but for every trifle he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiss me to madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his spirits sent to torment me.

*Trinc.* What have we here, a Man, or a Fish?

This is some Monster of the Isle, were I in *England*,

As once I was, and had him painted;

Not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me

Six pence for the sight of him; well, if I could make

Him tame, he were a present for an Emperour.

Come hither pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm.

Come hither!

*Calib.* Torment me not;

I'll bring the Wood home faster.

*Trinc.* He talks none of the wisest: but I'll give him

A dram o' th' Bottle, that will clear his understanding.

Come on your ways, Master Monster, open your mouth.

How now, you perverse Moon-calf! what,

I think you cannot tell who is your Friend!

Open your chops, I say.

[Pours Wine down his Throat.

*Calib.* This is a brave God, and bears Cœlestial Liquor;  
I'll kneel to him.

*Trinc.* He is a very hopeful Monster; Monster, what sayst thou, are thou content to turn civil and sober, as I am? for then thou shalt be my Subject.

*Calib.* I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: did't thou not drop from Heaven?

*Trinc.* Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in her when time was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

*Calib.* I'll shew thee every fertile inch i' th' Isle, and kiss thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink.

[drinks again

*Trinc.* Well drawn Monster, in good faith.

*Calib.* I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries, I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough:  
A curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him  
No more sticks, but follow thee.

*Trinc.* The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

*Calib.* I prithee let me bring thee were Crabs grow,  
And I with my long nails will dig thee Pig-nuts,  
Shew thee a Jays-nest, and instruct thee how to snare  
The Marmazete; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds;  
Wilt thou go with me?

*Trinc.* This Monster comes of a good natur'd race;  
Is there no more of thy Kin in this Island?

*Calib.* Divine, here is but one besides my self;  
My lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

*Trinc.* Where is she?

*Calib.* I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,  
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs.  
Say, my King, shall I call her to thee?

*Trinc.* She shall swear upon the Bottle too.  
If she proves handsome she is mine: Here, Monster,  
Drink agen for thy good news; thou shalt speak  
A good word for me.

[Gives him the Bottle.

*Calib.* Farewel, old Master farewel, farewel.

Sing *No more Dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,  
Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish;  
Ban, Ban, Cackaliban  
Has a new Master, get a new Man.  
Heigh-day! Freedom, freedom!*

*Trinc.* Here's two Subjects got already, the Monster,  
And his Sister: well, Duke Stephano, I say, and say agen,  
Wars will ensue, and so I drink.

[drinks.

From

From this Worshipful Monster, and Mistris  
 Monster his Sister,  
 I'll lay claim to this Island by alliance :  
 Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse :  
 Come away, Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt.  
 And drink her health.

[*Exeunt.*]*Scene Cypress Tree and Cave.**Enter Prospero alone.*

*Prosp.* 'Tis not fit to let my Daughters know I kept  
 The Infant Duke of *Mantua* so near them in this Isle.  
 Whose Father dying, bequeath'd him to my care :  
 Till my false Brother (when he design'd t' usurp  
 My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that fate  
 He meant for me. By calculation of his birth  
 I saw death threat'ning him, if, till some time were  
 Past, he should behold the face of any Woman :  
 And now the danger's nigh : *Hippolito !*

*Enter Hippolito.*

*Hip.* Sir, I attend your pleasure.

*Prosp.* How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy.  
 Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,  
 Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

*Hip.* Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,  
 And you this day have hurri'd me from thence,  
 Only to change my Prison, not to free me.  
 I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

*Prosp.* O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,  
 A black Star threatens thee, and death unseen  
 Stands ready to devour thee.

*Hip.* You taught me not to fear him in any of his shapes :  
 Let me meet death rather than be a Prisoner.

*Prosp.* 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

*Hip.* Sir, I have often heard you say, no Creature liv'd  
 Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of ?  
 Why then should I fear ?

*Prosp.* But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,  
 Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,  
 And oft depose him from it.

*Hip.* What are those Creatures, Sir ?

*Prosp.* Those dangerous Enemies of Men call'd Women.

*Hip.* Women ! I never heard of them before.  
 What are Women like ?

*Prosp.* Imagine something between young Men and Angels :  
 Fatally beauteous, and having killing Eyes,  
 Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingales,

They are all enchantment, those who once behold 'em,  
Are made their slaves for ever.

*Hip.* Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

*Prosp.* 'Tis but in vain,

They'll haunt you in your very sleep.

*Hip.* Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

*Prosp.* You are without all possibility of revenge,

They are so beautiful, that you can ne'r attempt,  
Nor wish to hurt them.

*Hip.* are they so beautiful?

*Prosp.* Calm sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,  
Nor Summer shades so pleasant.

*Hip.* Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?  
Or more delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?

Or than the gloss upon the necks of Doves?

Or have more various beauty than the Rainbow?

These I have seen, and without danger wondred at.

*Prosp.* All these are far below 'em: Nature made  
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:

Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,

Avoid 'em freight I charge you.

*Hip.* Well, since you say they are so dangerous,

I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety of the

Unblemish'd honour which you taught me.

But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure I shall

Not then forbear them.

*Prosp.* Go in and read the Book I gave you last.

To morrow I may bring you better news.

*Hip.* I shall obey you, Sir.

[Exit Hippolito.

*Prosp.* So, so; I hope this Lesson has secur'd him,

For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging

From yonder Rock where first I bred him up,

And here have brought him home to my own Cell,

Because the shipwrack happen'd near his Mansion.

I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,

For hitherto he hath been all obedience:

The Planets seem to smile on my designs,

And yet there is one sullen Cloud behind,

I would it were dispers'd.

[Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

How! my Daughters! I thought I had instructed

them enough: Children! retire;

Why do you walk this way?

*Mir.* It is within our bounds, Sir.

*Prosp.* But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.

Remember what I told you.

*Dor.* Is the Man that way, Sir?

*Prosp.* All that you can imagine ill is there,

# The Enchanted Island.

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The curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,  
Are not so dreadful as that Man.

*Mir.* Oh me, why stay we here then?

*Dor.* I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.

*Mir.* But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;  
And yet you are not dreadful.

*Prosp.* I Child! but I am a tame Man; old Men are tame  
By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild  
Young Man.

*Dor.* Do they run wild about the Woods?

*Prosp.* No, they are wild within doors, in Chambers,  
And in Closets.

*Dor.* But, Father, I would stroak 'em, and make 'em gentle,  
Then sure they would not hurt me.

*Prosp.* You must not trust them, Child: no Woman can come  
Near 'em, but she feels a pain, full nine months.

Well, I must in; for new affairs requires my  
Presence: be you *Miranda*, your Sisters Guardian.

[Exit Prospero.]

*Dor.* Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way?  
The Man will catch us else: we have but two legs,  
And he perhaps has four.

*Mir.* Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about you,  
And we shall spy him ere he comes too near us.

*Dor.* Come back, that way is towards his Den.

*Mir.* Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can  
Devour but one of us at once.

*Dor.* How dare you venture?

*Mir.* We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form  
And he shall not see us.

*Dor.* I but you know my Father charg'd us both.

*Mir.* But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each  
Others Counsel.

*Dor.* I dare not for the World.

*Mir.* But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not  
Know him first?

*Dor.* Nay, I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my  
Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

*Mir.* I, there's it, Sister, if he had said nothing, I had been quiet. Go  
softly, and if you see him first, be quick, and becken me away.

*Dor.* Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my self to him,  
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,  
When I have done a fault.

*Mir.* And if I can but scape with Life, I had rather be in pain nine months,  
as my Father threatn'd than lose my longing.

[Exeunt.]

*The Scene continues. Enter Hippolito.*

*Hip.* Prospero has often said, that Nature makes  
Nothing in vain: why then are Women made?

And

Are they to suck the poison of the Earth  
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that  
Question, when next I see him here.

*Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.*

*Dor.* O Sister, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

*Mir.* I, just so, and has Legs as we have too.

*Hip.* It strangely puzzles me: yet 'tis most likely  
Women are somewhat between Men and Spirits.

*Dor.* Heark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant,  
For this is just like one of us: methinks I am not half  
So much afraid on't as I was; see now it turns this way.

*Mir.* Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

*Dor.* I'll go nearer it.

*Mir.* O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it.  
I would not for the World that you should venture.  
My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

*Dor.* I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Sister,  
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

*Mir.* Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me first:  
Fie, are you not asham'd to be so much inquisitive?

*Dor.* You chide me for't, and wou'd give your self.

*Mir.* Come back, or I will tell my Father.  
Observe how he begins to stare already.

I'll meet the danger first, and then call you.

*Dor.* Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in kindness.

I'll venture you no more than you will me.

*Prosp. within Miranda,* Child, where are you?

*Mir.* Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

*Dor.* 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but say my Prayers,  
And follow you immediatly.

*Mir.* Well, Sister, you'll repent it.

[Exit Miranda.]

*Dor.* Though I die for't, I must have the other peep.

*Hip. seeing her.* What thing is that? sure 'tis some Infant of the Sun, dress'd  
in his Fathers gayest Beams, and comes to play with Birds; my sight is dazl'd,  
and yet I find I'm loth to shut my Eyes.

I must go nearer it — but stay a while;

May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,  
Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou?  
Thou shining Vision!

*Dor.* Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am a Woman;  
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

*Hip.* I'd sooner tear my Eyes out, than consent to do you any harm; though  
I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

*Dor.* I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'r prove so to that  
which looks like you: for though I have been charg'd by him (whom yet I never  
disobey'd) to shun your presence, yet I'd rather die than lose it; therefore I  
hope you will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a Man,  
that

that dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd. Pray tell me what you are?

*Hip.* I must confess, I was inform'd I am a Man,  
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature.  
I was bid to fear you too.

*Dor.* Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poison to each other!  
Alas, can we not meet but we must die?

*Hip.* I hope not so! for when two prisonous Creatures,  
Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.

I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,  
Though they have twin'd into a mutual knot:  
If we have any venome in us, sure, we cannot be more  
Poisonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.

You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it?

[Takes her hand.

*Dor.* I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's hands,  
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's something,  
When I touch yours; which makes me sigh: just so  
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;  
Yet mine's a pleasing grief; and so me thought was theirs:  
For still they mourn'd: and still they seem'd to murmur too,  
And yet they often met.

*Hip.* Oh Heavens! I have the same sense too: your hand  
Methinks goes through me; I feel it at my heart,  
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

*Prosp.* Within Dorinda!

*Dor.* My Father calls again; ah, I must leave you.

*Hip.* Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

*Dor.* This is my first offence against my Father,  
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

*Hip.* And this is my first trespass too: but he hath more  
Offended truth than we have him:  
He said our meeting would destructive be,  
But I no death but in our parting see.

[Exit several ways.

SCENE III. A wild Island.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

*Gonz.* Beseech your Grace be merry: you have cause, so have we all, of joy, for  
our strange 'scape; then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alonz.* Prithce peace, you cram these words into my Ears, against my  
stomach; how can I rejoice, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment,  
is made a meal to some strange Fish.

*Anto.* Sir, he may live, I saw him beat the Billows under him, and ride  
upon their backs; I do not doubt he came alive to Land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone; and you and I, Antonio, were those who caus'd his death.

*Anto.* How could we help it?

*Alonz.* Then, then we should have help'd it, when thou betray'dst thy  
Brother Prospero, and Mantua's Infant Sovereign, to my power; and when I,

too ambitious, took by force another's right : Then lost we *Ferdinand* ; Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

*Ant.* Indeed we first broke Truce with Heaven ; you to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd, and on the waves have lost an only Son. I did usurp my Brother's fertile Lands, and now am cast upon this Desert-Isle.

*Gonz.* These, Sirs, 'tis true were crimes of a black dye ; but both of you have made amends to Heav'n by your late Voyage into *Portugal* ; where in defence of Christianity, your valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain*.

*Alon.* O name it not, *Gonzalo* ;  
No act but penitence can expiate guilt !

Must we teach Heav'n what price to set on Murder ! what rate on lawless Power and wild Ambition ! or dare we traffick with the Powers above, and sell by weight a good deed for a bad ?

[*A flourish of Musick.*

*Gonz.* Musick ! and in the air ; sure we are Shipwrack'd on the Dominions of some merry Devil !

*Ant.* This Isle's Incharnted ground ; for I have heard swift Voices flying by my Ear, and groans of lamenting Ghosts.

*Alon.* I pull'd a Tree, and bloud pursu'd my hand.  
Heav'n deliver me from this dire place, and all the after-actions of my life shall mark my penitence and my bounty.

[*Musick agen louder.*

Hark, the sounds approach us !

[*The Stage opens in several places.*

*Ant.* Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.  
These dreadful horrors, and the guilty sense of my foul Treason, have unmann'd me quite.

*Alon.* We on the brink of swift destruction stand ;  
No means of our escape is left.

[*Another flourish of Voices under the Stage.*

*Ant.* Ah ! what amazing sounds are these we hear !

*Gonz.* What horrid Masque will the dire Friend present ?

Sung under the Stage.

1. Dev. *Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,  
With the mischievous Devil of Pride ?*

2. Dev. *In the lowest and darkest Caverns of Hell  
Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.*

1. Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Host ?*

3. Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize most.*

1. Dev. *Damned Princes there*

*The worst of torments bear.*

2. Dev. *Who in Earth all other in pleasures excell,*

*Must feel the worst torments of Hell.* [*They rise singing this Chorus.*

*Ant.* Oh Heav'ns ! what horrid Visions this ?

How they upbraid us with our crimes !

*Alon.* What fearful vengeance is in store for us !

1. Dev. *Tyrants by whom their Subjects bleed,  
Should in pains all others exceed ;*

2. Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,  
And their Crowns unjustly get ;*

*And such who their Brothers to death have betray'd,*

*In Hell upon burning Thrones shall be set.*

3. Dev.



3. Dev. } — In Hell, in Hell with flames they shall reign,  
 Chor. } And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

Ant. Oh my Soul ; for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

Alon. Has Heav'n in all 'its infinite stock of mercy  
 No overflowings for us ? poor, miserable guilty Men !

Gonz. Nothing but horrors do encompass us !  
 For ever, for ever must we suffer !

Alon. For ever we shall perish ! O dismal words, for ever !

1. Dev. Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court ?

2. Dev. Rapine and Murder his Crown must support !

3. Dev. — His cruelty does tread  
 On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead !

2. Dev. Can Heav'n permit such crimes should be  
 Attended with felicity ?

3. Dev. No, Tyrants their Scepters uneasily bear,  
 In the midst of their Guards they their Consciences fear.

2. Dev. } Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep,

Chor. } And we with dire visions disturb all their sleep.

Ant. Oh horrid sight ! how they stare upon us !

The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion.

Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us !

1. Dev. Say, Say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence ?

2. Dev. No, no, let us show their degrees of offence.

3. Dev. Let's muster their crimes upon every side,  
 And first let's discover their pride.

Enter Pride.

Pride. Lo here is Pride, who first led them astray,  
 And did to Ambition their minds then betray.

Enter Fraud.

Fraud. And Fraud does next appear,  
 Their wandring steps who led,  
 When they from vertue fled,  
 They in my crooked paths their course did steer.

Enter Rapine.

Rapine. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,  
 Where Rapine did their actions drive.

Enter Murder.

Murder. There long they could not stay ;  
 Down the steep Hill they run,  
 And to perfect the mischief which they had begun,  
 To Murder they bent all their way.

Chorus  
 of all.

Around, around we pace,  
 About this cursed place ;  
 While thus we compass in  
 These Mortals and their sin.

[Devils vanish.

Ant. Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd !

Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd ?

I feel my sinews slacken with the fright :

And

And a cold sweat trills down o'r all my Limbs,  
As if I were dissolving into water.

Oh *Prospero*, my crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart!

*Ant.* And mine 'gainst him and young *Hippolito*.

*Gonz.* Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.

*Alon.* Lead from this cursed ground;  
The Seas in all their rage are not so dreadful.  
This is the Region of despair and death.

*Ant.* Shall we not seek some Fruit?

*Alonz.* Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.

The shadows of the Trees are pois'nous too: a secret venom slides from every branch! my Conscience does distract me! O my Son! why do I speak of eating or repose, before I know thy fortune?

[As they are going out, a Devil rises just before them, at which they start, and are frighted.]

*Alonz.* O Heavens! yet more Apparitions!

Devil sings. Arise, arise! ye subterranean winds,  
More to disturb their guilty minds.

And all ye filthy damps and vapours rise;

Which use t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;

Rise you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:

You that i' th' vast and hollow womb of Earth,

Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countreys shake,

And stately Cities into Desarts turn;

And you who feed the flames by which Earths entrails burn.

Ye raging winds, whose rapid force can make

All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake:

Come drive these Wretches to that part o' th' Isle,

Where Nature never yet did smile:

Cause Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:

There let 'em howl and languish in despair.

Rise and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Air.

Two Winds rise, Ten more enter and dance.

At the end of the Dance, Three winds sink, the rest drive *Alon.* *Ant.*

*Gonz.* off.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, A wild Island.

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milcha invisible.

*Ariel.* Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands,  
Curst'd when you have, and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist.  
Foot it featly here and there,  
And sweet sprights the burthen bear.

Hark ! hark !

*Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.*

*Bow waugh. Hark ! hark ! I hear*

*The strain of strutting Chanticleer,*

*Cry, Cock a doodle do.*

*Ferd.* Where should this Musick be ? i' th' air, or earth ? it sounds no more, and sure it waits upon some God i' th' Island : sitting on a Bank, weeping against the Duke ; my Father's wrack'd ; This Musick hover'd on the waters, allaying both their fury and my passion with charming Airs. Thence I have follow'd it, (or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone ; No it begins again.

*Milcha sings.*

*Full fathom five thy Father lies,*

*Of his bones is Coral made :*

*Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,*

*Nothing of him that does fade.*

*But does suffer a Sea-change*

*Into something rich and strange :*

*Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell ;*

*Hark ! now I hear 'em, ding dong Bell.*

*Ferd.* This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father.

This is no mortal business, nor a sound which the Earth owns—

I hear it now before me ; however I will on and follow it.

[*Exit. Ferd. following Ariel.*]

SCENE II. *The Cypress-Trees and Cave.*

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Pros.* Excuse it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the elder, and I thought the more discreet) I gave the conduct of your Sisters actions.

*Mir.* Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

*Pros.* How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not see the Man whom I commanded you to shun ?

*Mir.* I must confess I saw him at a distance.

*Pros.* Did not his Eyes infect and poison you ?  
What alteration found you in your self ?

*Mir.* I only wondred at a sight so new.

*Pros.* But have you no desire once more to see him ?  
Come, tell me truly what you think of him ?

*Mir.* As of the gayest thing I ever saw, so fine, that it appear'd more fit to be lov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

*Pros.* You do not love it ?

*Mir.* How is it likely that I should, except the thing had first lov'd me ?

*Pros.* Cherish those thoughts : you have a gen'rous Soul ;  
And since I see your mind not apt to take the light  
Impressions of a sudden love, I will unfold

A secret to your knowledge.  
That Creature which you saw, is of a kind  
Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

*Mir.* Why did you then propose him as an object of terrour to my mind?  
You never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you said,  
I did believe as sacred.

*Prosp.* I fear'd the pleasing form of this young Man  
Might unawares possess your tender Breast,  
Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd;  
For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see another of this kind,  
The full-blown Flower, of which this Youth was but the  
Op'ning Bud. Go in, and send your Sister to me.

*Mir.* Heav'n still preserve you, Sir.

*Prosp.* And make thee fortunate.

[Exit *Miranda*.

Enter *Dorinda*.

O, Come hither, you have seen a Man to day,  
Against my strict command.

*Dor.* Who I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

*Prosp.* Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

*Dor.* Did she? truly she would have seen him more than I,  
But that I would not let her.

*Prosp.* Why so?

*Dor.* Because, methought, he would have hurt me less  
Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry  
With me, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

*Prosp.* Hah! was he to blame?

Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you,  
How you became so bold to see the Man?

*Dor.* I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because I did not see him much till  
he saw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd, and star'd up-  
on my Face; and so I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I  
gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'r come near a Man again——

*Prosp.* I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

*Dor.* Pray be not angry, Sir, I tell you, you are mistaken in him; for he  
did me no great hurt.

*Prosp.* But he may do you more harm hereafter.

*Dor.* No, Sir, I'm as well as e'r I was in all my life,  
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.  
That dangerous Man runs ever in my mind.

*Prosp.* The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

*Dor.* Nay, pray, Sir, say not so; I promis'd him  
To see him once agen; and you know, Sir,  
You charg'd me I should never break my Promise.

*Prosp.* Wou'd you see him who did you so much mischief?

*Dor.* I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me;  
For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so, as it griev'd  
My heart to hear him.

*Prosp.*

*Prosp.* Those sighs were pois'nous, they infected you :  
You say, they griev'd you to the heart.

*Dor.* 'Tis true ; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

*Prosp.* These are the Day-dreams of a Maid in Love.  
But still I fear the worst.

*Dor.* O fear not him, Sir.

*Prosp.* You speak of him with too much Passion ; tell me  
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)  
What past betwixt you and that horrid Creature ?

*Dor.* How, horrid, Sir ? if any else but you should call it so, indeed I  
should be angry.

*Prosp.* Go too ! you are a foolish Girl ; but answer to what I ask, what  
thought you when you saw it ?

*Dor.* At first it star'd upon me, and seem'd wild,  
And then I trembled ; yet it look'd so lovely, that when  
I would have fled away, my feet seem'd fasten'd to the ground,  
Then it drew near, and with amazement ask'd  
To touch my hand ; which, as a ransom for my life,  
I gave : but when he had it, with a furious gripe  
He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he  
Would have swallow'd it.

*Prosp.* Well, what was his behaviour afterwards ?

*Dor.* He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,  
That he became more kind to me than you are ;  
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand  
Agen, my heart did beat so strong, as I lack'd breath  
To answer what he ask'd.

*Prosp.* You have been too fond, and I should chide you for it.

*Dor.* Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.

*Prosp.* Poor Child ! thy Passion, like a lazy Ague,  
Has seiz'd thy blood, instead of striving, thou humour'st  
And feed'st thy languishing disease : thou fight'st  
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what  
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

*Dor.* Danger, Sir ?

If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how :  
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,  
But looks about him like a Callow-bird,  
Just straggld from the Nest : pray trust me, Sir,  
To go to him agen.

*Prosp.* Since you will venture,  
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him,  
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,  
But keep at distance from him.

*Dor.* This is hard.

*Prosp.* It is the way to make him love you more ;  
He will despise you if you grow too kind.

*Dor.* I'll struggle with my heatt to follow this,  
But if I lose him by it, will you promise  
To bring him back agen?

*Prosp.* Fear not, *Dorinda*;  
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.

*Dor.* I hope you have not couzen'd me agen.

[Exit *Dor.*

*Prosp.* Now my designs are gathering to a head.  
My Spirits are obedient to my charms.

What, *Ariel*! my Servant *Ariel*, where art thou?

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ariel.* What wou'd my potent Master? Here I am.

*Prosp.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Did worthily perform, and I must use you in such another  
Work: how goes the day?

*Ariel.* On the fourth, my Lord; and on the sixth,  
You said our work should cease.

*Prosp.* And so it shall;  
And thou shalt have the open air at freedom.

*Ariel.* Thanks; my great Lord.

*Prosp.* But tell me first, my Spirit,  
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?

*Ariel.* Confin'd together, as you gave me order,  
In the Lime-grove, which weather-fends your Cell;  
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,  
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

*Prosp.* How do they bear their sorrows?

*Ariel.* The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their  
Attendants brim-full of sorrow mourning over 'em;  
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:  
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops  
From Eaves of Reeds, your Vision did so work 'em,  
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Prosp.* Do'st thou think so, Spirit?

*Ariel.* Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

*Prosp.* And mine shall:

Halt thou; who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their  
Afflictions, and shall not I (a Man like them, one  
Who as sharply relish passions as they) be kindlier  
Mov'd then thou art? though they have pierc'd  
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler  
Reason 'gainst my fury I will take part;  
The rarer action is in vertue than in vengeance.

Go, my *Ariel*, refresh with needful food their  
Famish'd Bodies. With shows and cheerful  
Musick comfort 'em.

*Ariel.* Presently, Master.

*Prosp.*

*Prosp.* With a twinkle, *Ariel.* But stay, my Spirit ;  
What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,  
And *Sycorox* his Sister ?

*Ariel.* Potent Sir !

They have cast off your Service, and revolted  
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already  
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.

*Prosp.* No matter, I have now no need of 'em.  
But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing ;  
Haste to perform what I have given in charge :  
But see they keep within the bounds I fet 'em.

*Ariel.* I'll keep 'em in with walls of Adamant,  
Invisible as air to mortal Eyes,  
But yet unpassable.

*Prosp.* Make haste then.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *Wild Island.*

*Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.*

*Gonz.* I am weary, and can go no further, Sir.

*Alonz.* Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self seiz'd  
With a weariness, to the dulling of my Spirits :  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it no longer  
For my Flatterers : he is drown'd whom thus we stray to find.  
I'm faint with hunger, and must despair of food.  
What ! Harmony agen, my good Friends, heark !

[*They sit.*]

*Ant.* I fear some other horrid Apparition.  
Give us kind Keepers, Heaven, I beseech thee !

[*Musick without.*]

*Gonz.* 'Tis cheerful Musick this, unlike the first.

*Ariel and Milcha invisible, sing.*

*Dry those Eyes which are o'rflowing,  
All your storms are overblowing :  
While you in this Isle are biding,  
You shall Feast without providing :  
Every dainty you can think of,  
Ev'ry Wine which you can drink of,  
Shall be yours ; and want shall shun you,  
Ceres blessing so is one you.*

*Alonz.* This voice speaks comfort to us.

*Ant.* Wou'd 'twere come ; there is no Musick in a Song  
To me, my stomach being empty.

*Gonz.* O for a Heavenly Vision of Boyl'd,  
Bak'd and Roasted !

[*Dance of fantastick Spirits ; after the Dance, a Table furnish'd  
with Meat and Fruit is brought in by two Spirits.*]

*Ant.* My Lord, the Duke, see yonder.  
A Table, as I live, set out and furnish'd  
With all varieties of Meats and Fruits.

*Alonz.* 'Tis so indeed ; but who dares taste this feast  
Which Friends provide, perhaps to poison us ?

*Gonz.* Why that dare I ; if the black Gentleman be so ill-natur'd, he may  
do his pleasure.

*Ant.* 'Tis certain we must eat or famish ;  
I will encounter it, and feed.

*Alonz.* If both resolve, I will adventure too.

*Gonz.* The Devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve me.

[Two Spirits descend and flie away with the Table.]

*Alonz.* Heav'n ! behold, it is as you suspected : 'tis vanish'd.  
Shall we be always haunted with these Fiends ?

*Ant.* Here we shall wander till we famish.

*Gonz.* Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say Grace : This comes on't,  
when Men will be Godly out of season.

*Ant.* Yonder's another Table, let's try that——

[Exeunt.]

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

*Trinc.* Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace.  
But where's thy Sister, is she so brave a lass ?

*Calib.* In all this Isle there are but two more, the Daughters of the Tyrant  
*Prospero* ; and she is bigger than 'em both. O here she comes ; now thou may'st  
judge thy self, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

*Trinc.* She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my spouse ? well, she's  
Heir of all this Isle (for I will geld Monster). The *Trincalo's*, like other  
wife Men, have antiently us'd to marry for Estate more than for Beauty.

*Syc.* I prethee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which  
dangles at thy wrist.

[Sycorax points to his Bosens Whistle and his Bottle.]

*Trinc.* My dear Blobber-lips ; this, observe my Chuck, is a badge of my  
Sea-office ; my fair Fufs, thou dost not know it.

*Syc.* No, my dread Lord.

*Trinc.* It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the next Shipwrack  
puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

*Syc.* I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.

*Trinc.* I prethee, sweet Baby, do not Play the wanton, and cry for my goods  
e't I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

*Syc.* May I not have the other fine thing ?

*Trinc.* This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo* :

*Calib.* Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor ?

*Trinc.* Umph ! that's another question : for if she be thus sipant in her  
Water, what will she be in her Wine ?

[Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the ground.]

*Ariel.* There's Water for your Wine.

[Exit Ariel,

*Trinc.* Well ! since it must be so——

[Gives her the Bottle.]

How do you like it now, my Queen that must be ?

[She drinks.]

*Syc.* Is this your heavenly Liquor ?

I'll bring you to a River of the same.

*Trinc.* Wilt thou so, Madam Monster ? what a mighty Prince shall I be  
then ?



then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

*Syc.* This is the drink of Frogs.

*Trinc.* Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merriest Frogs in Christendom.

*Calib.* She does not know the vertue of this Liquor:  
I prethee let me drink for her.

*Trinc.* Well said, Subject Monster.

[*Caliban drinks.*]

*Calib.* My Lord, this is meer Water.

*Trinc.* 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up,  
Like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't.

I'll taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live.

It was a cold gulp, such as this, which kill'd my famous  
Predecessor, old *Simon* the King.

*Calib.* How does thy honour? prethee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.

*Trinc.* I could find in my Heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a  
Liquorish Monster.

*Calib.* O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of  
*Prospero's* Spirits.

*Trinc.* There's nothing but malice in these Devils, I would it had been Holy-  
water for their sakes.

*Syc.* 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

*Trinc.* Lovingly said, in troth; now cannot I hold out against her.  
This Wife-like virtue of hers has overcome me.

*Syc.* Shall I have thee in my arms?

*Trinc.* Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:

But prithee be not too boistrous with me at first;

Do not discourage a young beginner.

[*They embrace.*]

Stand to your Arms, my Spouse,

And subject Monster;

[*Enter Steph. Must. Vent.*]

The Enemy is come to surprize us in our Quarters.

You shall know, Rebels, that I am marri'd to a Witch;

And we have a thousand Spirits of our Party.

*Steph.* Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys  
(Finding no food, and but a small remainder of Brandy)

Are come to treat a Peace betwixt us,  
Which may be for the good of both Armies,

Therefore *Trincalo*, disband.

*Trinc.* Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth;  
I'll not accept of your Embassie without my Title.

*Steph.* A Title shall break no squares betwixt us:  
Vice-Roys, give him his style of Duke, and treat with him,  
Whilst I walk by in state.

[*Ventoso and Mustacho bow, whilst Trincalo puts on his Cap.*]

*Must.* Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano*, has sent us

In the first place to demand of you, upon what  
Ground you make War against him, having no right

To govern here, as being elected only by

Your own Voice.

*Trinc.* To this I answer, that having in the face of the World  
Espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island,  
Queen *Blouze* the First, and having homage done me,  
By this Hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two  
I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

*Must.* Who that Monster? he a Hector?

*Calib.* Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

*Trinc.* Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads,  
I advise you, and proceed to your business.

*Must.* First and foremost, as to your claim that you have answer'd.

*Ventr.* But second and foremost, we demand of you,  
That if we make a Peace, the Butt also may be  
Comprehended in the Treaty.

*Trinc.* I cannot treat with my honour without your submission.

*Steph.* I understand, being present, from my Embassadors, what your resolution is, and ask an hour's time of deliberation, and so I take our leave; but first I desire to be entertain'd at your But, as becomes a Prince and his Embassadors.

*Trinc.* That I refuse, till acts of hostility be ceas'd  
These Rogues are rather Spies than Embassadors;  
I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry  
Into the secrets of my Dukedom.

*Ventr. Trincalo,* you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt Steph. Must. Ventr.*

*Trinc.* Subject Monster! stand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen  
and I will enter, and feast our selves within. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ferdinand, Ariel and Milcha (invisible.)*

*Ferd.* How far will this invisible Musician conduct  
My steps? he hovers still about me, whether  
For good or ill, I cannot tell, nor care I much;  
For I have been so long a slave to chance, that  
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns.  
But here I am——

*Ariel.* Here I am.

*Ferd.* Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Echo:  
This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of my  
Griefs accord with any thing but sighs.  
And my last words, like those of dying men,  
Need no reply. Fain I would go to shades, where  
Few would wish to follow me.

*Ariel.* Follow me.

*Ferd.* This evil Spirit grows importunate,  
But I'll not take his counsel.

*Ariel.* Take his counsel.

*Ferd.* It may be the Devil's counsel, I'll never take it.

*Ariel.* Take it.

*Ferd.* I will discourse no more with thee,  
Nor follow one step further.

*Ariel.*

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*Ariel.* One step further.

*Ferd.* This must have more importance than an Echo.  
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.  
I'll try if it will answer when I sing  
My sorrows to the murmur of this Brook.

*He sings,*

*Go thy way.*

*Ariel.*

*Go thy way.*

*Ferd.* *Why shouldst thou stay?*

*Ariel.* *Why should thou stay?*

*Ferd.* *Where the winds whistle, and where the streams creep,  
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.*

*Then let me alone,*

*For 'tis time to be gone.*

*Ariel.*

*For 'tis time to be gone.*

*Ferd.* *What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?*

*Within this desert place*

*There lives no humane race;*

*Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.*

*Ariel.* *Kind Fortune smiles, and she*

*Has yet in store for thee*

*Some strange felicity.*

*Follow me, follow me,*

*And thou shalt see.*

*Ferd.* I'll take thy word for once;

Lead on Musician.

[*Exeunt and return.*]

## SCENE IV. *The Cypress-Trees and Caves.*

*Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.*

*Pros.* Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and say what thou seest yonder.

*Mir.* Is it a Spirit?

Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess it carries a brave form.  
But 'tis a Spirit.

*Pros.* No Girl, it eats, and sleeps, and has such senses as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou seest, was in the wrack; were he not somewhat stain'd with grief (Beauty's worst canker) thou might'st call him a goodly Person; he has lost his Company, and strays about to find 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him a thing Divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* It goes on as my Soul prompts it; Spirit, fine Spirit. I'll free thee within two days for this.

*Ferd.* She's sure the Mistriss on whom these Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are Divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worship'd; so bright a beauty cannot sure belong to humane kind.

*Mir.* I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

*Ferd.* My language too! O Heav'n's! I am the best of them who speak the Speech when I'm in my own Country.

*Pros.*

*Prosp.* How, the best? What wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?

*Ferd.* As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my self am *Savoy*, whose fatal Eyes (e'r since at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrack'd.

*Mir.* Alack! for pity.

*Prosp.* At the first sight they have chang'd Eyes, dear *Ariel*, I'll set thee free for this——young Sir, a word.

With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

*Mir.* Why speaks my Father so urgently?  
This is the third Man that e'r I saw, the first whom  
E'r I sigh'd for, sweet Heaven move my Father  
To be inclin'd my way.

*Ferd.* O! if a Virgin! and your affections not gone forth,  
I'll make you Mistress of *Savoy*.

*Prosp.* Soft, Sir! one word more.

They are in each others power, but this swift  
Bus'ness I must uneasie make, lest too light  
Winning make the prize light——one word more.  
Thou usurp'it the name not due to thee, and hast  
Put thy self upon this Island as a Spy to get the  
Government from me the Lord of it.

*Ferd.* No, as I'm a Man.

*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,  
If th' evil Spirit hath so fair a House,  
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

*Prosp.* No more, Speak not for him, he's a Traytor.  
Come! thou art my Pris'ner, and shalt be in  
Bonds. Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food  
Shall be the fresh-Brook Muscles, wither'd Roots,  
And Husks; wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.

*Ferd.* No, I will resist such entertainment,  
Till my Enemy has more power. [*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

*Mir.* O dear Father! make not too rash a trial  
Of him, for he's gentle, and not fearful.

*Prosp.* My Child, my Tutor! put thy Sword up, Traytor,  
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike: thy  
Conscience is possess'd with guilt. Come from  
Thy Ward, for I can here disarm thee with  
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you Father.

*Prosp.* Hence: hang not on my Garment.

*Mir.* Sir, have pity,  
I'll be his Surety.

*Prosp.* Silence! one word more shall make me chide thee,  
If not hate thee: what, an Advocate for an  
Impostor? sure thou think'st there are no more  
Such shapes as his?

To the most of Men this is a *Caliban*,

And

And they to him are Angels.

*Mir.* My affections are then most humble,  
I have no ambition to see a goodlier Man.

*Prosp.* Come on, obey :  
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again, and have  
No vigour in them.

*Ferd.* So they are :  
My Spirits, as in a Dream, and all bound up :  
My Father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's threats,  
To whom I am subdu'd, would seem light to me,  
Might I but once a day through my Prison behold this Maid :  
All corners else o' th' Earth let liberty make use of :  
I have space enough in such a Prison.

*Prosp.* It works : come on :  
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel* : follow me.  
Heark what thou shalt more do for me.

[*Whispers Ariel.*]

*Mir.* Be of comfort !  
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,  
Than he appears by Speech : this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds :  
But then exactly do all points of my Command.

*Ariel.* To a syllable.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

*Prosp. to Mir.* Go in that way, speak not a word for him :  
I'll separate you.

[*Exit Miranda.*]

*Ferd.* As soon thou may'st divide the Waters,  
When thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless blow,  
And meet when 'tis past.

*Prosp.* Go practise your Philosophy within,  
And if you are the same you speak your self,  
Bear your afflictions like a Prince——That door  
Shews you your Lodging.

*Ferd.* 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey.

[*Exit Ferd.*]

*Prosp.* This goes as would wish it.

Now for my second care *Hippolito*.  
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,  
His Passion is become his punishment.  
Come forth, *Hippolito*.

*Hip. Entering.* 'Tis *Prospero's* Voice.

*Prosp. Hippolito!* I know you now expect I should severely chide you : you  
have seen a Woman in contempt of my commands.

*Hip.* But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm'd ;  
I told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.

*Prosp.* You think you have receiv'd no hurt ?

*Hip.* No, none, Sir.  
Try me agen, when e'r you please I'm ready :

I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

*Prosp.* How much in vain it is to bridle Nature !

[*Aside.*

Well ! what was the success of your encounter ?

*Hip.* Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,  
For I took her to mercy, and she me.

*Prosp.* But are you not much chang'd from what you were ?

*Hip.* Methinks I wish and wish ! for what I know not,  
But still I wish——yet if I had that Woman  
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

*Prosp.* What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours ?

*Hip.* I'd quit the rest o' th' World that I might live alone with  
Her, she never should be from me :

We two would sit and look till our Eyes ak'd.

*Prosp.* You'd soon be weary of her.

*Hip.* O, Sir, never.

*Prosp.* But you'll grow old and wrinkl'd, as you see me now,  
And then you will not care for her.

*Hip.* You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two can never possibly  
grow old.

*Prosp.* You must, *Hippolito*.

*Hip.* Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us ?

*Prosp.* Nature, which made me so.

*Hip.* But you have told me her works are various ;  
She made you old, but she has made us young.

*Prosp.* Time will convince you.

Mean while be sure you tread in honours paths,  
That you may merit her: And that you may not want  
Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next  
Cave there is a stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,  
Young, of a noble presence, and, as he says himself,  
Of Princely birth ; he is my Pris'ner, and in deep  
Affliction: visit, and comfort him ; it will become you.

*Hip.* It is my duty, Sir.

[*Exit Hippolito.*

*Prosp.* True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives ; perhaps I took the moment  
of his birth amiss, perhaps my Art it self is false : on what strange ground  
we build our hopes and fears, Man's Life is all a mist, and in the dark  
our Fortunes meet us.

If fate be not, then what can we foresee ?

Or how can we avoid it, if it be ?

If by free-will in our own paths we move,

How are we bounded by Decrees above ?

Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,

If ill, 'tis ours ; if good, the act of Heaven.

[*Exit Prospero.*

*Scene, a Cave.*

*Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* Your pity, noble youth doth much oblige me,  
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.

*Hip.* I, and an onely Father too, for sure you

You

You had but one.

*Ferd.* But one Father, he's wondrous simple !

*Hip.* Are such misfortunes frequent in your World,  
Where many men live.

*Ferd.* Such are we born to.

But, gentle Youth, as you have question'd me,  
So give me leave to ask you, what you are ?

*Hip.* Do not you know ?

*Ferd.* How should I ?

*Hip.* I well hop'd I was a Man, but by your ignorance  
Of what I am, I fear it is not so :

Well, *Prospero* ! this is now the second time  
You have deceiv'd me.

*Ferd.* Sir, there is no doubt you are a Man:  
But I would know of whence ?

*Hip.* Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

*Ferd.* Have you a Father ?

*Hip.* I was told I had one, and that he was a Man, yet I have been so much  
deceived, I dare not tell't you for a truth ; but I have still been kept a Prisoner  
for fear of Women.

*Ferd.* They indeed are dangerous, for since I came, I have beheld one here,  
whose Beauty pierc'd my heart.

*Hip.* How did she pierce, you seem not hurt.

*Ferd.* Alas ! the wound was made by her bright Eyes,  
And festers by her absence.

But, to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

*Hip.* Now I suspect that love's the very thing, that I feel too ! pray tell  
me truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet since you saw her ?

*Ferd.* I take no rest.

*Hip.* Just, just my disease.

Do you not wish you do not know for what ?

*Ferd.* O no ! I know too well for what I wish.

*Hip.* There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir :  
But you desire she may be always with you ?

*Ferd.* I can have no felicity without her.

*Hip.* Just my condition ! alas, gentle Sir,  
I'll pity you, and you shall pity me.

*Ferd.* I love so much, that if I have her not,  
I find I cannot live.

*Hip.* How ! do you love her ?

And would you have her too ? that must not be :  
For none but I must have her.

*Ferd.* But perhaps we do not love the same :  
All Beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

*Hip.* Why are there more fair Women, Sir,  
Besides that one I love ?

*Ferd.* That's a strange question. There are many more besides that Beauty  
which you love.

[*Aside.*

F

*Hip.*

*Hip.* I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

*Ferd.* But, noble Youth, you know not what you say.

*Hip.* Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em :  
O, how I rejoyce ! more Women !

*Ferd.* Sir, if you love, you must be ty'd to one.

*Hip.* Ty'd ! how ty'd to her ?

*Ferd.* To love none but her.

*Hip.* But, Sir, I find it is against my nature.

I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,  
All that are fair : come ! bring me to this Woman,  
For I must have her.

*Ferd.* His simplicity

Is such that I can scarce be angry with him.

Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her,  
You will find you do not love her.

*Hip.* I find already I love because she is another Woman.

*Ferd.* You cannot love two Women both at once.

*Hip.* Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do resemble  
Her whom I've already seen. I'll have as many as I can,  
That are so good, and Angel like, as she I love;  
And will have yours.

*Ferd.* Pretty Youth, you cannot.

*Hip.* I can do any thing for that I love.

*Ferd.* I may, perhaps, by force, restrain you from it.

*Hip.* Why do so if you can. But either promise me  
To love no Woman, or you must try your force.

*Ferd.* I cannot help it, I must love.

*Hip.* Well you may love, for *Prospero* taught me Friendship too: you shall love  
me and other Men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women shall be mine.

*Ferd.* I must break off this Conference, or he will  
Urge me else beyond what I can bear.

Sweet Youth ! some other time we will speak  
Farther concerning both our loves ; at present  
I am indispos'd with weariness and grief,  
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.

*Hip.* Some other time be it ? but, Sir, remember  
That I both seek and much intreat your Friendship,  
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

*Ferd.* I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it.

[Exit Ferdinand.]

*Hip.* This stranger does insult, and comes into my  
World to take those heavenly beauties from me,  
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love,  
And yet he said he did desire but one.

He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich :  
I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning ;  
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,  
Those precious things he for himself design'd.

[Exit.  
ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Cypress-Trees and Cave.*

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Prosp.* **Y**our suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.  
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him :

But yet take heed ; let Prudence be your Guide ;

You must not stay, your visit must be short.

*[She's going.]*

One thing I had forgot ; insinuate into his mind.

A kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw ;

I would have Friendship grow betwixt 'em.

*Mir.* You shall be obey'd in all things.

*Prosp.* Be earnest to unite their very Souls.

*Mir.* I shall endeavour it.

*Prosp.* This may secure *Hippolito* from that dark danger which my Art forebodes ; for Friendship does provide a double strength t' oppose the assaults of Fortune.

*[Exit. Prospero.]*

*Enter Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* To be Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double tye, a Link of Fortune join'd to the Chain of Love ; but not to see her, and yet to be so near her, there's the hardship : I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on which I might have ease, yet cannot reach it.

*Mir.* Sir ! my Lord ! where are you ?

*Ferd.* Is it your Voice, my Love ? or do I dream ?

*Mir.* Speak softly, it is I.

*Ferd.* O Heavenly Creature ! ten times more gentle than your Father's Cruel, how, on a sudden, all my griefs are vanish'd !

*Mir.* How do you bear your Prison ?

*Ferd.* 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and silence wait upon our wishes ; do but think we chuse it, and 'tis what we would chuse.

*Mir.* I'm sure what I would.

But how can I be certain that you love me ?

Look to't ; for I will die when you are false.

I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd

And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

*Ferd.* Your Ghosts must take another form to fright me,

This shape will be too pleasing : do I love you ?

O Heaven ! O Earth ! bear witness to this sound,

If I prove false——

*Mir.* Oh hold, you shall not swear ;

For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

*Ferd.* Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeserv'd Captivity, than I could wish to gain my freedom with the loss of you.

*Mir.* I am a Fool to weep at what I'm glad of : but I have a suit to you, and that, Sir, shall be now the only trial of your love.

*Ferd.* Y'ave said enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'rbid the price of all that humane life is worth.

*Mir.* Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for his own deserves all the respect which you can ever pay him.

*Ferd.* You mean your Father: do not think his usage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

*Mir.* I meant not him, for that was a request, which if you love, I should not need to urge.

*Ferd.* Is there another whom I ought to love?  
And love him for your sake?

*Mir.* Yes such a one, who, for his sweetness and his goodly shape, (if I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge) I think can scare be equal'd:  
'Tis a Youth, a Stranger too as you are.

*Ferd.* Of such a graceful feature, and must I for your sake love?

*Mir.* Yes, Sir, do you scruple to grant the first request I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the World, and wants your Conversation. You should have compassion on so meer a stranger.

*Ferd.* Those need compassion whom you discommend, not whom you praise.

*Mir.* Come you must love him for my sake: you shall.

*Ferd.* Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?  
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:  
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.

*Mir.* Have I so far offended you already,  
That he offends you only for my sake?  
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw  
Him as I have done, so full of youth and beauty.

*Ferd.* O poison to my hopes!  
When he did visit me, and I did mention this  
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me  
He would have her.

*Mir.* Alas what mean you?

*Ferd.* It is too plain: like most of her frail Sex, she's false,  
But has not learn'd the art to hide it;  
Nature has done her part, she loves variety:  
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,  
Because she's young? No, no, their Nurses teach them  
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their  
Liking.

*Mir.* I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:  
But if you please to hear me —  
Heark, Sir! now I am sure my Father's comes, I know  
His steps; dear Love, retire a while, I fear  
I've staid too long.

*Ferd.* Too long indeed; and yet not long enough: Oh Jealousie!  
Oh Love! how you distract me?  
[Exit Ferdinand.]

*Mir.* He appears displeas'd with that young man, I know  
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,  
I must conceal it from my Father's knowledge,

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For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it ;  
And suffer me no more to see my Love.

[Enter Prospero.

*Prosp.* Now I have been indulgent to your wish,  
You have seen the Prisoner.

*Mir.* Yes.

*Prosp.* And he spake to you ?

*Mir.* He spoke ; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

*Prosp.* How like you his converse ?

*Mir.* At second sight

A Man does not appear so rare a Creature.

*Prosp.* *Aside.* I find she loves him much because she hides it.  
Love teaches cunning even to innocence. Well go in.

*Mir.* *Aside.* Forgive me, truth, for thus disguising thee ; if I can make him think I do not Love the stranger much, he'll let me see him oftner. [Exit Miranda.

*Prosp.* Stay ! stay——I had forgot to ask her what she had said  
Of young *Hippolito* ! Oh ! here he comes ! and with him

My *Dorinda*. I'll not be seen, let  
Their loves grow in secret, [Enter Hippolito and Dorinda.  
[Exit Prospero.

*Hip.* But why are you so sad ?

*Dor.* But why are you so joyful ?

*Hip.* I have within me all the various Musick of  
The Woods. Since last I saw you, I have heard brave news !  
I'll tell you, and make you joyful for me.

*Dor.* Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my Eyes, drew  
Something in, I know not what it is ;  
But still it entertains me with such thoughts,  
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.

*Hip.* Pray believe me ;  
As I'm a Man, I'll tell you blessed news,  
I have heard there are more Women in the World,  
As fair as you too.

*Dor.* Is this your news ? you see it moves not me.

*Hip.* And I'll have 'em all.

*Dor.* What will become of me then ?

*Hip.* I'll have you too.

But are not you acquainted with these Women ?

*Dor.* I never saw but one.

*Hip.* Is there but one here ?

This is a base poor World, I'll go to th' other ;  
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.  
But pray where is that one Woman ?

*Dor.* Who, my Sister ?

*Hip.* Is she your Sister ? I'm glad o' that : you shall help me to her, and I'll  
love you for't. [Offers to take her hand.

*Dor.* Away ! I will not have you touch my hand.  
My Father's counsel which enjoind reservedness,  
Was not in vain, I see.

[*Aside.*

*Hip.* What makes you shun me ?

*Dor.*

*Dor.* You need not care, you'll have my Sister's hand.

*Hip.* Why, must not he who touches hers, touch yours?

*Dor.* You mean to love her too.

*Hip.* Do not you love her?

Then why should not I do so?

*Dor.* She is my Sister, and therefore I must love her:

But you cannot love both of us.

*Hip.* I warrant you I can:

Oh that you had more Sisters!

*Dor.* You may love her, but then I'll not love you.

*Hip.* O but you must;

One is enough for you, but not for me.

*Dor.* My Sister told me she had seen another;

A Man like you, and she lik'd only him;

Therefore if one must be enough for her,

He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

*Hip.* If she like him, she may like both of us.

*Dor.* But how if I should change and like that Man?

Would you be willing to permit that change?

*Hip.* No, for you lik'd me first.

*Dor.* So you did me.

*Hip.* But I would never have you see that Man;

I cannot bear it.

*Dor.* I'll see neither of you.

*Hip.* Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;

But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you:

O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous Creature,

I am but a Woman to him.

*Dor.* I will see him,

Except you'll promise not to see my Sister.

*Hip.* Yes, for your sake, I needs must see your Sister.

*Dor.* But she's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not

Her Sister, she would eat me; therefore take heed.

*Hip.* I heard that she was fair, and like you.

*Dor.* No, indeed, she's like my Father, with a great Beard,

'Twould fright you to look on her,

Therefore that Man and she may go together,

They are fit for no body, but one another.

*Hip. looking in.* Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes, fly! fly! before he sees you.

*Dor.* Must we part so soon?

*Hip.* Y' are a lost Woman if you see him.

*Dor.* I would not willingly be lost, for fear you

Should not find me, I'll avoid him.

[Exit Dorinda.

*Hip.* She fain would have deceived me, but I know her

Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;

All of a kind that I have seen are like to one

Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and the Woods are so. [Enter Ferd.

Ferd.

*Ferd.* O ! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man !  
have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.

*Hip.* How ! Sir ? pray are you sure on't ?

*Ferd.* One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

*Hip.* Then I must have her.

*Ferd.* No, not till I am dead.

*Hip.* How dead ? what's that ? But whatsoe'r it be,  
I long to have her.

*Ferd.* Time and my grief may make me die.

*Hip.* But for a Friend you should make haste ; I ne'r ask'd  
Any thing of you before.

*Ferd.* I see your Ignorance ;

And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.  
The Woman, whom I love, saw you, and lov'd you.  
Now, Sir, if you love her, you'll cause my Death.

*Hip.* Be sure I'll do't then.

*Ferd.* But I am your Friend ;  
And I request you that you would not love her.

*Hip.* When Friends request unreasonable things,  
Sure th' are to be deny'd : you say she's fair,  
And I must love all who are fair ; for, to tell  
You a secret, Sir, which I have lately found  
Within my self ; they're all made for me.

*Ferd.* That's but a fond conceit : you are made for one, and one for you.

*Hip.* You cannot tell me, Sir,  
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.  
(I mean if there be so many i' th' World)  
So that if once I see her, I shall love her.

*Ferd.* Then do not see her.

*Hip.* Yes, Sir, I must see her.  
For I would fain have my heart beat again,  
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

*Ferd.* I find I must not let you see her then.

*Hip.* How will you hinder me ?

*Ferd.* By force of Arms.

*Hip.* By force of Arms ?  
My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

*Ferd.* He's still so ignorant that I pity him, and fain  
Would avoid Force : pray do not see her, she was  
Mine first ; you have no right to her.

*Hip.* I have not yet consider'd what is right, but, Sir,  
I know my inclinations, are to love all Women :  
And I have been taught, that to dissemble what I  
Think, is base. In honour then of truth, I must  
Declare that I do love, and I will see your Woman.

*Ferd.* Would you be willing I should see and love your  
Woman, and endeavour so seduce her from that  
Affection which she vow'd to you ?

*Hip.* I would not you should do it, but if she should

Love you best, I cannot hinder her.

But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide against  
The worst, and try to get your Woman.

*Ferd.* But I pretend no claim at all to yours ;  
Besides you are more beautiful than I,  
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.

Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.

*Hip.* I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty,  
If that will get me Women, they shall have it  
As far as e'r 'twill go : I'll never want 'em.

*Ferd.* Then since you have refus'd this act of Friendship,  
Provide your self a Sword, for we must fight.

*Hip.* A Sword, what's that ?

*Ferd.* Why such a thing as this.

*Hip.* What should I do with it.

*Ferd.* You must stand thus, and push against me,  
While I push at you, till one of us fall dead.

*Hip.* This is brave sport ;  
But we have no Swords growing in our World.

*Ferd.* What shall we do then to decide our quarrel ?

*Hip.* We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

*Ferd.* Strange Ignorance ! you must defend your life,  
And so must I : but since you have no Sword,  
Take this ; for in a corner of my Cave

[Gives him his Sword.

I found a rusty one ; perhaps 'twas his who keeps  
Me Pris'ner here : that I will fit

When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.

*Hip.* Make haste then, this shall ne'r be yours agen.  
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet, and  
When they are dead, their Women shall be mine.

*Ferd.* I see you are unskillful ; I desire not to take  
Your Life, but if you please, we'll fight on  
These conditions ; He who first draws blood,  
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,  
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,  
And both the Women shall be his.

*Hip.* Agreed, and ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

*Ferd.* But win these first.

*Hip.* I'll warrant you I'll push you.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II. *The wild Island.*

*Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.*

*Calib.* My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

*Trinc.* Whom ?

*Calib.* The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects,  
That would have our Liquor.

*Trinc.* If thou wert a Monster of parts, I would make thee

My

My Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.  
The Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave  
Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want  
Of behaviour.

*Syc.* My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em.  
Just as I am to thee.

*Trinc.* No, that's against the Fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are  
in a high place, Spouse, and must give good Example. Here they come,  
we'll put on the gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held  
wife.

*Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.*

*Vent.* Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.

*Trinc.* Peace, or War?

*Must.* Peace, and the Butt.

*Steph.* I Come now as a private Person, and promise to live peaceably un-  
der your Government.

*Trinc.* You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first fruits of it, a-  
mongst all Civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy. *Caliban*, skink about.

*Steph.* I long to have a Rowse to her Graces Health, and to the *Haunse in  
Kelder*, or rather *Haddock in Kelder*, for I guess it will be half Fish. [*Aside.*

*Trinc.* Subject *Stephano*, here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in  
this draught. [*Drinks.*

*Steph.* Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's health to thee. [*Drinks to Caliban.*

*Syc.* He shall not drink of that immortal Liquor:

My Lord, let him drink Water.

*Trinc.* O Sweet-heart, you must not shame your self to day.

Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Hufswifry:

She wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

*Must.* *Ventoso*, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to  
quarrel and pierce one another's Bellies?

*Vent.* Let it come, Boy.

*Trinc.* Now would I lay greatness aside, and shake my heels, if I had but Musick.

*Calib.* O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to at-  
tend us, Devils of all forts, some great roaring Devils, and some little sing-  
ing Sprights.

*Syc.* Shall we call? and thou shalt hear them in the air.

*Trinc.* I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy  
immediately.

*Calib.* sings. *We want Musick, we want Mirth,  
Up, Dam, and cleave the Earth:  
We have now no Lords that wrong us,  
Send thy merry Sprights among us.*

*Trinc.* What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my  
Musick, and pay nothing for't?

[*A Table rises, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter,  
placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended,  
the Bottles vanish, and the Table sinks agen.*

*Vent.* The Bottle's drunk.

*Must.* Then the Bottle's a weak shallow Fellow, if it be drunk first.

*Trinc.* *Stephano*, give, me thy hand :

Thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee :

[*Drinks.*]

Prithee why should we quarrel? shall I swear

Two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee :

In witness whereof I drink soundly.

*Steph.* Your Grace shall find there's no love lost,  
For I will pledge you soundly.

*Trinc.* Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one ;  
Pledge my Grace faithfully.

*Trinc.* *Caliban*,

Go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds :

Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me ?

*Steph.* I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

*Trinc.* 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me? hang my Family :

Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what

Thou think'st of my Princess?

*Steph.* I look on her, as on a very noble Princess.

*Trinc.* Noble? Indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches  
are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have  
heard of the Mounfor *De-Viles* in *France* ; but look on her Beauty, is she a fit  
Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? mark her Behaviour too, she's tipling yonder with  
the Serving men.

*Steph.* An't please your Grace, she's somewhat homely ; but that's no  
blemish in a Princess. She is Virtuous.

*Trinc.* Umph! Virtuous! I am loath to disparage her ;  
But thou art my Friend, canst thou be close?

*Steph.* Asa stopt Bottle, an't please your Grace. [*Enter Calib. agen with a Bottle.*]

*Trinc.* Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder-  
Tree, upon a sweet Bed of Nettles, singing Tory, Rory, and Ranthum,  
Scantum, with her own Natural Brother.

*Steph.* O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

*Trinc.* But 'tis no matter : To tell thee true, I marri'd her to be a great Man,  
and so forth : but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so  
here's to thee agen : Give me the Bottle, *Caliban*! did you knock the But? how  
does it sound?

*Calib.* It sounds as though it had a noise within.

*Trinc.* I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat, and is departing : give  
me the Bottle.

[*Drinks.*]

*Must.* A short life and a merry, I say.

[*Steph. whispers Sycorax.*]

*Syc.* But did he tell you so?

*Steph.* He said you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marry'd you  
only to get possession of the Island.

*Syc.* My Mother's Devils fetch him for't.

*Steph.* And your Father's too : Hem! Skink about his Grace's health agen.  
O if you will but cast an Eye of pity upon me —

*Syc.*



*Syc.* I will cast two Eyes of pity on thee : I love thee more than Haws, or Black-berries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Mofs, my Brother knows not of 'em ; but I'll bring thee where they are.

*Steph.* *Trincalo* was but my Man when time was.

*Syc.* Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor ?

*Steph.* I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my self : Wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess ?

*Syc.* If thou canst make me gald with this Liquor.

*Steph.* I'll warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

*Syc.* How wilt thou carry me thither ?

*Steph.* Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

*Trinc.* What's that you will do ? hah ! I hope you have not betray'd me ?  
how does my Pigs-nye [To Sycorax.

*Syc.* Be gone ! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou sayst  
I'm ugly.

*Trinc.* Did you tell her so—hah ! he's a Rogue, do not believe him,  
Chuck.

*Steph.* The foul words were yours : I will not ear 'em for you.

*Trinc.* I see if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace  
for this ? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. [Strikes Stephano.

*Syc.* Dost thou hurt my Love ? [Flies at Trincalo.

*Trinc.* Where are our Guards ? Treason ! Treason !

[Vent. Must. Calib. run betwixt.

*Vent.* Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People ?

*Trinc.* This false Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my Bosom.

[Whispers Mustacho hastily.

*Mustacho,* strike on my aside, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

*Must.* I'm against Rebels ! *Ventofo,* obey your Vice-Roy.

*Vent.* You a Vice-Roy ? [They two fight off from the rest.

*Steph.* Hah ! Hector Monster ! do you stand neuter ?

*Calib.* Thou would'st drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

*Syc.* 'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[Syc. and Calib. fight ; Syc. beating him off the Stage.

*Trinc.* The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle ?

[Trincalo beats off Stephano to the door. Exit Stephano.

I'll not pursue too far, for fear the Enemy should rally agen, and surprise my  
Butt in the Cittadel ; well I must be rid of my Lady *Trincalo,* she will be in  
the Fashion else ; first, Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a Separation,  
to get Alimony. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Cypress-trees and Cave.*

*Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, (with their Swords drawn.)*

*Ferd.* Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,  
But the ground's firm and even : are you ready ?

*Hip.* As ready as your self, Sir.

*Ferd.* You remember on what conditions we must fight ;  
Who first receives a wound is to submit.

*Hip.* Come, come, this loses time ; now for the  
Women, Sir. [They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.]

*Ferd.* Sir, you are wounded.

*Hip.* No.

*Ferd.* Believe your blood.

*Hip.* I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

*Ferd.* Remember our Conditions.

*Hip.* I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[*Hip. presses on: Ferd. retires and wards.*]

*Ferd.* I'm loth to kill you ; you are unskilful, Sir.

*Hip.* You beat aside my Sword, but let it come as near  
As yours, and you shall see my skill.

*Ferd.* You faint for loss of blood : I see you stagger :  
Pray, Sir, retire.

*Hip.* No ! I will ne'r go back——

Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find——

*Ferd.* Your Eyes begin to dazle.

*Hip.* Why do you swim so, and dance about me ?  
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[*Hippolito, thrusts and falls.*]

*Ferd.* O help, help, help !

Unhappy Man ! what have I done ?

*Hip.* I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake,  
I'll fight agen. Pray stay for me.

[*Swounds.*]

*Ferd.* He's gone ! he's gone ! O stay, sweet lovely Youth !  
Help ! help !

[*Enter Prospero.*]

*Prosp.* What dismal noise is that ?

*Ferd.* O see, Sir, see !

What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

*Prosp.* Alas ! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour  
To resist the will of Heaven ?

[*Rubs Hippolito.*]

He's gone for ever. O thou cruel Son of an  
Inhumane Father ! all my designs are ruin'd  
And unravell'd by this blow.

No pleasure now is left me but revenge.

*Ferd.* Sir, if you knew my innocence——

*Prosp.* Peace, peace,

Can thy excuses give me back his life ?

What, *Ariel* ? sluggish Spirit, where art thou ?

[*Enter Ariel.*]

*Ariel.* Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

*Prosp.* I, now thou com'st, when Fate is past and not to be  
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of  
Thy Nature. For as thou art thy self, thou  
Canst not but be glad to see young *Virtue*  
Nipt i' th' Blossom.

[*Ariel.*]

*Ariel.* My Lord, the *Being* high above can witness  
I am not glad ; we Airy Spirits are not of a temper  
So malicious as the Earthy,  
But of a Nature more approaching good.  
For which we meet in swarms, and often combate  
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.

*Prosp.* Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretel,  
This fatal action then ?

*Ariel.* Pardon, great Sir,  
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden  
By the ill Génius of *Hippolito*,  
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,  
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,  
Far from the lightsome Regions of the Air,  
(My Native Fields) above a hundred years.

*Prosp.* I'll Chain thee in the North for thy neglect,  
Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila* ;  
I'll singe thy airy Wings with sulph'rous flames,  
And choak thy tender nostrils with blew smoak,  
At ev'ry Hickup of the belching Mountain,  
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,  
And then fall down agen.

*Ariel.* Pardon, dread Lord.

*Prosp.* No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee  
Shalt thou e'r find from me : hence ! fly with speed,  
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's  
Father, and bring him, with my Brother, streight  
Before me.

*Ariel.* Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought. [Exit Ariel.

*Ferd.* O Heavens ! what words are those I heard ?  
Yet cannot see who spoak 'em : sure the Woman  
Whom I lov'd was like this, some aiery Vision.

*Prosp.* No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal moi  
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes ;  
Yet she had faults, and must be punish'd for 'em.

*Miranda* and *Dorinda* ! where are ye ?

The will of Heaven's accomplish'd : I have  
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,  
Now you may enter,

[Enter *Miranda* and *Dorinda*.

*Mir.* My Love ! is it permitted me to see you once agen ?

*Prosp.* You come to look your last ; I will  
For ever take him from your Eyes.  
But, on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

*Dor.* Pray, Father, is not this my Sister's Man ?  
He has a noble form ; but yet he's not so excellent  
As my *Hippolito*,

*Prosp.* Alas, poor Girl, thou hast no Man: look yonder;  
There's all of him that's left.

*Dor.* Why, was there ever any more of him?

He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him? [*She kneels by Hippolito and jags him.*]

*Ferd.* Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.

*Dor.* My Love, my Love! will you not speak to me?

I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now

He will not answer me, he's dumb and cold too;

But I'll run streight, and make a fire to warm him. [*Exit Dorinda running.*]

*Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (invisible.)*

*Alonz.* Never were Beasts so hunted into Toils,

As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.

But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand!*

If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

*Ferd.* My Father! O sinister happiness! Is it  
Decreed I should recover you alive, just in that  
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is lost in Death,  
And by my hand?

*Ant.* Heaven! what new wonder's this?

*Gonz.* This Isle is full of nothing else.

*Prosp.* You stare upon me as

You ne'r had seen me: Have fifteen years

So lost me to your knowledge, that you retain

No memory of *Prospero?*

*Gonz.* The good old Duke of *Milain!*

*Prosp.* I wonder less, that thou, *Antonio*, know'st me not,  
Because thou didst long since forget I was thy Brother,  
Else I never had been here.

*Ant.* Shame choaks my words.

*Alonz.* And wonder mine.

*Prosp.* For you, usurping Prince,

[*To Alonzo.*]

Know, by my Art, you were Shipwrack'd on this Isle,  
Where, after I a while had punish'd you, my vengeance  
Wou'd have ended; I design'd to match that Son  
Of yours, with this my Daughter.

*Alonz.* Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.

*Prosp.* So am not I. No Marriages can prosper  
Which are with Murderers made; Look on that Corps:  
This, whilst he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*, that  
Infant Duke of *Mantua*; Sir, whom you, expos'd  
With me; and here I bred him up, till that bloud-thirsty  
Man, that *Ferdinand*—

But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls  
To unsheath her Sword against his guilt?

*Alonz.* What do you mean?

*Prosp.*

*Prosp.* To execute Heav'n's Laws.  
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,  
Though you have dispossefs'd me of my *Milain*.  
Bloud calls for bloud; your *Ferdinand* shall die,  
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,  
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,  
And then the greater grief to see him die.

*Alonz.* And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand,  
To view the Execution? *[Lays hand upon his Sword.*

*Ferd.* Hold, dear Father! I cannot suffer you  
T' attempt against his life, who gave her being  
Whom I love.

*Prosp.* Nay then appear my Guards——  
I thought no more to use their aid;  
(I'm curs'd because I us'd it) *[He stamps, and many Spirits appear.*  
But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,  
Whilst I revenge this Murder.

*Alonz.* Have I for this found thee, my Son so soon, agen,  
To lose thee? *Antonio, Gonzalo*, speak for pity.

*Ferd. to Mir.* Adieu, my fairest Mistriss.

*Mir.* Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.  
Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,  
Be not so cruel to the Man I love,  
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

*Ferd.* Recal that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live;  
Though death be all the mends that I can make.

*Prosp.* This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to sit  
You for your death, that Cave's your Prison.

*Alonz.* Ah, *Prospero*! hear me speak. You are a Father,  
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.

*Prosp.* No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain:  
I have no room for pity left with me.

Do you refuse? help *Ariel*, with your Fellows,  
To drive 'em in. *Alonzo* and his Son bestow in  
Yonder Cave; and here *Gonzalo* shall with

*Antonio* lodge. *[Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed:*  
*Enter Dorinda.*

*Dor.* Sir, I have made a fire, shall he be warm'd?

*Prosp.* He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.

*Dor.* Dead! Sir, what's that?

*Prosp.* His Soul has left his Body.

*Dor.* When will it come agen?

*Prosp.* O never, never!

He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

*Dor.* He shall not lie in Earth, you do not know  
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;

He told me he would go a little while,  
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

*Prosp.* He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister.  
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break  
A Father's Precept; you would needs see Men, and by  
That sight are made for ever wretched.

*Hippolito* is dead, and *Ferdinand* must die  
For murd'ring him.

*Mir.* Have you no pity?

*Prosp.* Your disobedience has so much incens'd me, that  
I this night can leave no blessing with you.

Help to convey the Body to my Couch,

Then leave me to mourn over it alone. [*They bear off the Body of Hippolito.*

*Enter Miranda and Dorinda again; Ariel behind 'em.*

*Ariel.* I've been so chid for my neglect, by *Prospero*,  
That I must now watch all, and be unseen.

*Mir.* Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you  
That all this mischief happen'd.

*Dor.* Blame not me for your own fault, your  
Curiosity brought me to see the Man.

*Mir.* You safely might have seen him, and retir'd; but  
You wou'd needs go near him, and converse: you may  
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

*Dor.* That was your envy, Sister, not your love;  
You call'd me thence, because you could not be  
Alone with him your self; but I am sure my  
Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, but  
That yours made him go.

[*Crying.*

*Mir.* Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em shou'd  
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his Fortune,  
And you must be satisfi'd.

*Dor.* I'll not be satisfi'd: my Father says he'll make  
Your Man as cold as mine is now, and when he  
Is made cold, my Father will not let you strive  
To make him warm agen.

*Mir.* In spite of you mine never shall be cold.

*Dor.* I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,  
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis  
Nothing to lose a Man.

*Mir.* Yes, but there is some difference betwixt  
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.

*Dor.* I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldest  
Man I ever saw, except it were my Father.

*Mir.* Sister, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,  
When she says her Father's old,

*Dor.* But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love

Perhaps

Perhaps may want me?

I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

*Mir.* Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.

*Dor.* I'll never more meet in a bed with you,  
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.

*Mir.* And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lie,  
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.

[*Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.*]

*Ariel.* Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle,  
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile;  
Old *Prospero* by his Daughters robb'd of rest,  
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.  
Unkindly they abjure each others Bed,  
To save the living and revenge the dead.

*Alonzo* and his Son are Pris'ners made,  
And good *Gonzalo* does their Crimes upbraid.

*Antonio* and *Gonzalo* disagree,  
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.  
The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent,  
Which still renew'd their thirst of Government;  
And wanting Subjects for the food of Pow'r,  
Each wou'd to rule alone the rest devour.  
The Monster *Sycorax* and *Caliban*,  
More Monstrous grow by passions learn'd from Man.  
Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,  
Partake and suffer in these discontents.  
Why shou'd a Mortal by Enchantments hold  
In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial mold?  
Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,  
And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought!

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Pros.* YOU beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,  
He has offended Heaven.

*Mir.* Then let Heaven punish him.

*Pros.* It will by me.

*Mir.* Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

*Pros.* I by deferring Justice should incense the Deity  
Against my self and you.

*Mir.* Yet I have heard you say, The powers above are slow  
In punishing, and shou'd not you resemble them?

*Pros.* The Argument is weak; but I want time

To let you see your errours ; retire, and, if you love him,  
Pray for him.

[He's going.]

*Mir.* And can you be his Judge and Executioner ?

*Prosp.* I cannot force *Gonzalo*, or my Brother, much  
Less the Father to destroy the Son ? it must  
Be then the Monster *Caliban*, and he's not here ;  
But *Ariel* strait shall fetch him.

Enter *Ariel*.

*Ariel.* My Potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,  
To serve thy will.

*Prosp.* Then, Spirit, fetch me here my salvage slave.

*Ariel.* My Lord, it does not need.

*Prosp.* Art thou then prone to mischief,  
Wilt thou be thy self the Executioner ?

*Ariel.* Think better of thy Aiery Minister, who,  
For thy sake, unbidden, this night has flown  
O'r almost all the habitable World.

*Prosp.* But to what purpose was all thy diligence ?

*Ariel.* When I was chidden by my mighty Lord, for my  
Neglect of young *Hippolito*, I went to view  
His Body, and soon found his Soul was but retir'd,  
Not sally'd out : then I collected  
The best of Simples underneath the Moon,  
The best of Balms, and to the wound apply'd  
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.  
His only danger was his loss of bloud, but now  
He's wak'd, my Lord, and just this hour  
He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.  
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him, with this  
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it close from Air till  
I have time to visit him again.

*Prosp.* Thou art my faithful Servant :

It shall be done : Be it your task, *Miranda*, because your  
Sister is not present here, while I go visit your  
Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal  
This news, that it may be more welcome.

*Mir.* I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir, for now  
You twice have given me Life.

*Prosp.* My *Ariel*, follow me.

[Exeunt severally.]

[*Hippolito* discover'd on a Couch, *Dorinda* by him.]

*Dor.* How do you find your self ?

*Hip.* I'm somewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer  
To the Sun ? I am too weak to walk.

*Dor.* My Love, I'll try.

[She draws the Chair nearer the Audience.]

I thought you never would have walk'd agen,  
They told me you were gone away to Heaven ;

Have



Have you been there ?

*Hip.* I know not where I was.

*Dor.* I will not leave you till you promise me you  
Will not die agen.

*Hip.* Indeed I will not.

*Dor.* You must not go to Heav'n, unless we go together ;  
For I've heard my Father say, that we must strive  
To be each others guide, the way to it will else  
Be difficult, especially to those who are so young.  
But I much wonder what it is to die.

*Hip.* Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,  
When once the Soul's gone out.

*Dor.* What is the Soul ?

*Hip.* A small blue thing, that runs about within us.

*Dor.* Then I have seen it in a frosty Morning run  
Smoaking from my mouth.

*Hip.* But, dear *Dorinda*,  
What is become of him who fought with me ?

*Dor.* O, I can tell you joyful news of him,  
My Father means to make him die to day,  
For what he did to you.

*Hip.* That must not be, my dear *Dorinda* ; go and beg your  
Father, he may not die ; It was my fault he hurt me,  
I urg'd him to it first.

*Dor.* But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

*Hip.* O no ! I just remember when I fell asleep, I heard  
Him calling me a great way off, and crying over me as  
You would do ; besides we have no cause of quarrel now.

*Dor.* Pray how began your'difference first ?

*Hip.* I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

*Dor.* That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,  
For wishing to have any more but me.

*Hip.* Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault  
Was only in my blood ; for now 'tis gone, I find  
I do not love so many.

*Dor.* In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he  
May live ; I'm glad the naughty blood, that made  
You love so many, is gone out.

*Hip.* My dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[Exit *Dor.*

*Enter Miranda at the other door, with Hippolito's  
Sword wrapt up.*

*Hip.* Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful, as  
Nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her ? O !  
I believe it is that Angel Woman,  
Whom she calls Sister.

*Mir.* Sir, I am sent hither to dress your wound ;

How do you find your strength?

*Hip.* Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

*Mir.* I'm sorry for't.

*Hip.* Indeed and so am I, for If I had that blood, I then should find a great delight in loving you.

*Mir.* But, Sir, I am another's, and your love is given Already to my Sister.

*Hip.* Yet I find that, if you please, I can love still a little.

*Mir.* I cannot be unconstant, nor should you.

*Hip.* O my wound pains me.

*Mir.* I am come to ease you.

[*She unwraps the Sword.*]

*Hip.* Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me.

My wound shoots worse then ever.

[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*]

*Mir.* Does it still grieve you?

*Hip.* Now methinks there's something laid just upon it.

*Mir.* Do you find no ease?

*Hip.* Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain is leaving me: Sweet Heaven, how I am eas'd!

*Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.*

*Ferd.* (to *Dor.*) Madam, I must confess my life is yours, I owe it to your generosity.

*Dor.* I am o're joy'd my Father lets you live; and proud Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.

*Mir.* How? gave his life to her!

*Hip.* Alas I think she said so, and he said he ow'd it To her generosity.

*Ferd.* But is not that your Sister with *Hippolito*?

*Dor.* So kind already?

*Ferd.* I came to welcome life, and I have met the Cruellest of deaths.

*Hip.* My dear *Dorinda* with another Man?

*Dor.* Sister, what business have you here?

*Mir.* You see I dress *Hippolito*.

*Dor.* Y' are very charitable to a Stranger.

*Mir.* You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon For a Man, whom you scarce ever saw before.

*Dor.* Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had Rather he should die, then you should cure his wound.

*Mir.* And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd before He ow'd his life to your entreaty.

*Ferd.* (to *Hip.*) Sir, I'm glad you are so well recover'd, you Keep your humour still to have all Women.

*Hip.* Not all, Sir, you except one of the number, Your new Love there, *Dorinda*.

*Mir.* Ah *Ferdinand*! can you become inconstant? If I must lose you, I had rather death should take.

You from me, than you take your self.

*Ferd.* And if I might have chosen, I would have wish'd  
That death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

*Dor.* I, now I find why I was sent away,  
That you might have my Sister's Company.

*Hip.* *Dorinda*, kill me not with your unkindness,  
This is too much, first to be false your self,  
And then accuse me too.

*Ferd.* We all accuse each other, and each one denies their guilt,  
I should be glad it were a mutual error.  
And therefore, first, to clear my self from fault,  
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say I only love  
Your Sister.

[To *Dorinda*.]

*Mir.* O blest word?  
I'm sure I love no Man but *Ferdinand*.

*Dor.* Nor I, Heaven knows, but my *Hippolito*.

*Hip.* I never knew I lov'd so much; before I fear'd  
*Dorinda's* Constancy, but now I am convinc'd that  
I lov'd none but her, because none else can  
Recompense her loss.

*Ferd.* 'Twas happy then we had this little trial.  
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

*Mir.* I have only this to say in my defence, my Father sent  
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.

*Dor.* And *Hippolito* sent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.

*Ferd.* From such small errors left at first unheeded,  
Have often sprung sad accidents in love:  
But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come  
To mix their joys with ours.

*Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.*

*Alon.* (to *Prosper.*) Let it no more be thought of; your purpose,  
Though it was severe, was just. In losing *Ferdinand*  
I should have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.

*Prof.* Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.

*Dor.* O wonder!

How many goodly Creatures are there here!  
How beautiful Mankind is!

*Hip.* O brave new World, that has such People in't!

*Alon.* (to *Ferd.*) Now all the blessings of a glad Father  
Compass thee about,  
And make thee happy in thy beautiful choice.

*Gonz.* I've inward wept, or should have spoken e'r this.  
Look down, sweet Heaven, and on this Couple drop  
A blessed Crown. For it is you chalk'd out the  
Way which brought us hither.

*Ant.* Though penitence forc'd by necessity can scarce  
Seem real, yet, dearest Brother, I have hope

My blood may plead for pardon with you ; I resign  
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,  
But Heaven knows too, I would not.

*Prosp.* All past crimes I bury in the joy of this  
Blessed day.

*Alonz.* And that I may not be behind in Justice, to this  
Young Prince, I render back his Dukedom,  
And, as the Duke of *Mantua*, thus salute him.

*Hip.* What is it you render back ? methinks  
You give me nothing.

*Prosp.* You are to be Lord of a great People,  
And o'r Towns and Cities.

*Hip.* And shall these People be all Men and Women ?

*Gonz.* Yes, and shall call you Lord.

*Hip.* Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison, but  
Have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

*Prosp.* And that your happiness may be compleat,  
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife ; she shall  
Be yours for ever, when the Priest has made you one.

*Hip.* How can he make us one ? shall I grow to her,

*Prosp.* By saying holy words, you shall be joyn'd in Marriage  
To each other.

*Dor.* I warrant you those holy words are charms.  
My Father means to conjure us together.

*Prosp. to his Daughters.* My *Ariel* told me, when last night you quarrell'd,  
You said, you would for ever part your Beds ;  
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven  
Has turn'd to Prophecy.

For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,  
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito* lie in  
One Bed hereafter.

*Alonz.* And Heaven make those Beds still fruitful in  
Producing Children, to bless their Parents  
Youth, and Grandfires age.

*Mir. to Dor.* If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you  
And I had none between us.

*Dor.* Sister, it was our fault, we meant like Fools  
To look 'em in the fields, and they, it seems,  
Are only found in Beds.

*Hip.* I am o'r joy'd that I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,  
We'll lie all night and day together there,  
And never rise again.

*Ferd. (aside to him)* *Hippolito* ! you yet are ignorant of your great  
Happiness, but there is somewhat, which for  
Your own and fair *Dorinda's* sake, I must instruct  
You in.

*Hip.* Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your

World make love, I shall soon learn,  
I warrant you.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Stephano, Trincalo, Mustacho,  
Ventoso. Caliban, Sycorax.*

*Prosp.* Why that's my dainty *Ariel*. I shall miss thee,  
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

*Gonz.* O look, Sir, look, the Master and the Saylor ———  
The Bosen too——my Prophecy is out, that if  
A Gallows were on land, that Man could ne'r  
Be drown'd.

*Alonz.* (to *Trinc.*) Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath ashore?  
Hast thou no mouth by Land? why star'st thou so?

*Trinc.* What, more Dukes yet? I must resign my Dukedom;  
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in't.

*Must.* Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl or Vinegar.

*Steph.* The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship  
agen, and were her Master, I'd willingly give all my Island for her.

*Vent.* And I my Vice-Roy-ship.

*Trinc.* I shall need no Hangman, for I shall e'n hang  
My self, now my Friend Butt has shed his  
Last drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

*Ant.* They talk like Mad-men.

*Prosp.* No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves, and  
Now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel.  
Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,  
As when you first set Sail.

*Alonz.* This news is wonderful.

*Ariel.* Was it well done, my Lord?

*Prosp.* Rarely, my Diligence.

*Gonz.* But pray, Sir, what are those mis-shapen Creatures?

*Prosp.* Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong,  
She would controul the Moon, make Flows  
And Ebbs, and deal in her Command without  
Her Power.

*Syc.* O *Setebos*! these be brave Sprights indeed.

*Prosp.* (to *Calib.*) Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope for  
Pardon, trim it up.

*Calib.* Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.  
What a dull Fool was I, to take those Drunkards  
For Gods, when as such as these were in the World?

*Prosp.* Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train  
To my Poor Cave this night; a part of which  
I will employ, in telling you may story.

*Alonz.* No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

*Prosp.* When the Morn draws, I'll bring you to your Ship,  
And promise you clam Seas, and happy Gales.  
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements.

Be free, and fare thee well.

*Ariel.* I'll do it, Master.

*Prosper.* Now to make amends.

For the rough treatment you have found to day,

I'll entertain you with my Magick Art :

Ill, by my power, transform this place, and call

Up those that shall make good my promise to you.

[Scene changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of Rocks,  
and clam Sed. Musick playing on the Rocks.

*Prosper.* Neptune, and your fair *Amphitrite*, rise ;

*Oceanus*, with your *Tethys* too, appear ;

All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, appear !

Come, all ye *Tritons* ; all ye *Nereids*, come,

And teach your sawcy Element to obey :

For you have Princes now to entertain,

And unsoild Beauties, with fresh youthful Lovers.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus and Tethys, appear in a  
Chariot drawn with Sea-Horses ; on each side of the Chariot,  
Sea-Gods and Goddesses, Tritons and Nereids.

*Alonz.* This is prodigious.

*Ant.* Ah ! what amazing Objects do we see ?

*Gonz.* This Art doth much exceed all humane skill.

SONG.

*Amph.*

**M**Y Lord : Great Neptune, for my sake,  
Of these bright Beauties pity take :  
And to the rest allow  
Your mercy too.

Let this enraged Element be still,

Let Æolus obey my will :

Let him his boystrous Prisoners safely keep

In their dark Caverns, and no more

Let 'em disturb the bosom of the Deep,

'Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for-Shore.

*Neptune.*

So much my *Amphitrite's* love I prize,

That no commands of hers I can despise.

*Tethys* no furrows now shall were,

*Oceanus* no wrinkles on his brow,

Let your serenest looks appear,

Be calm and gentle now.

*Nep.* & } Be calm, ye great Parents of the Floods and the Springs,

*Amph.* } While each *Nereid* and *Triton* Plays, Revels, and Sings.

*Oceanus.* } Carefine the roaring Winds, and we

Will soon obey you cheerfully.

*Chorus of* }

*Tritons* }

and *Iver.* }

Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey.

Upon the Floods we'll sing and play,

And celebrate a *Halcyon* day.

{ Here the Dan-  
cers mingle with  
the Singers.

[Dance.  
Nept.

Nept. Great Nephew Æolus make no noise,  
Muzzle your roaring Boys. [Æolus appears.

Amph. Let 'em not bluster to disturb our ears,  
Or strike these Noble Passengers with fears.

Nept. Afford 'em only such an easie Gale,  
As pleasantly may swell each Sail.

Amph. While fell Sea-Monsters cause intestine jars,  
This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.

But you shall now be still,  
And shall obey my Amphitrite's will.

Æolus de- } You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,  
scends. } With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.

Come down, my Blusterers, swell no more,  
Your stormy rage give o'r. } Winds from the four  
Let all black Tempest cease—— } Corners appear.

And let the troubled Ocean rest :  
Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,  
As where the Halcyon builds her quiet Nest.

To your Prisons below,  
Down, down you must go :

You in the Earths Entrals your Revels may keep ;  
But no more till I call shall you trouble the Deep. [Winds fly down ;  
Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease :

Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. Tritons, my Sons, your Trumpets sound,  
And let the noise from Neighbouring Shores rebound,

Chorus. } Sound a Calm.  
} Sound a Calm.  
} Sound a Calm.  
} Sound a Calm.  
} Sound a Calm.

[Here the Tritons, at every repeat of *Sound a Calm*, changing their Figure and Postures, seem to sound their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.

A Symphony of Musick, like Trumpets. to which four Tritons Dance.

Nept. See, see, the Heavens smile, all your troubles are past,  
Your joys by black Clouds shall no more be o'rcast.  
On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your fears,  
Leave behind all your sorrows, and banish your cares.

Both. } And your Loves and your Lives shall in safety enjoy ;  
} No influence of Stars shall your quiet destroy.

Chor. of all. } And your Loves, &c.  
} No influence, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

Oceanus. We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,  
And yours and your Countrey's soft peace we'll restore.

Pethys. To treat you blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep,  
The Tritons and Sea-Nymphs their Revels keep.

Both. } On the swift Dolphins backs they shall sing and shall play ;  
 } ! hey shall guard you by night, and delight you by day.

Chor. of all. } On the swift, &c.  
 } And shall guard, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

[A Dance of twelve Tritons.

Miran. What charming things are these ?

Dor. What Heavenly Power is this ?

Prosp. Now, my *Ariel*, be visible, and let the rest of your Aerial Train,  
 Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song ;

[Scene changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of Aerial Spirits in the  
*Air*, *Ariel* flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.

And then farewell my long-lov'd *Ariel*.

*Alon*. Heaven ! what are these we see ?

*Prosp*. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds in swarms, but that  
 they are not subject to poor feeble mortal Eyes.

*Ant*. O wonderful skill !

*Gonz*. O Power Divine !

*Ariel* and the rest sing the following Song.

*Ariel*.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,

In a Cowslip's Bed I lie :

There I couch when Owls do cry.

On the Swallows wings I fly

After Summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

[Song ended, *Ariel* speaks, hovering in the Air.

*Ariel*. My Noble Master !

May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.

And for the freedom I enjoy i' th' Air,

I will be still your *Ariel*, and wait

On Aiery accidents that work for Fate:

What ever shall your happiness concern,

From your still faithful *Ariel* you shall learn.

*Prosp*. Thou hast been always diligent and kind !

Farewel, my long-lov'd *Ariel*, thou shalt find,

I will preserve thee ever in my mind.

Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be

A place of Refuge, as it was to me :

The promises of blooming Spring live here,

And all the blessings of the ripening Year.

On my retreat, let Heav'en and Nature smile,

And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*.

[Exeunt.



# EPILOGUE.

**G** Allants, by all good signs it does appear,  
That Sixty seven's a very damning year,  
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot,  
The Rhyming Monsieur, and the Spanish Plot :  
Desie or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,  
And haunt us Actors wheresoe'r we pass,  
In Visions bloudier than King Richard's was.

For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,  
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,  
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.

He sends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,  
To let you know the Malefactor's near,  
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.

For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,  
Th' Example, will prove ill to other Men,  
And you'll be troubl'd with 'em all agen.

F I N I S.

# EPICURE

... that in all things  
The duty of man is to follow  
For pleasure above, and to avoid  
Always the things that are painful  
The following pleasure, and the things that  
Days of care, and the things that  
The things that are painful  
And to be in all things  
In which the things that are  
The things that are painful  
Duty is to be in all things  
And to be in all things  
The things that are painful  
To be in all things  
And to be in all things  
For in all things  
The things that are painful  
And to be in all things

TINIE











